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Daily Mirror

START
NOW.

See Page 2.

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THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE BOY HERO OF THE NORGE AND HIS RESCUED SISTER.



The glad tidings that Olsen, the hero of the Norge disaster, had reached Stornoway safely with other survivors created no small amount of joy. The story of his self-sacrifice has already been told in the "Daily Mirror." After securing a place in the lifeboat he suddenly discovered that his sister was still on the ship, and going back found her kneeling in prayer by the bulwarks. He picked her up gently, kissed her, and then lifted her into the place that was rightly his. Above we give a portrait sketch of the sister and also her brave brother, drawn from material supplied by our reporter.

BRILLIANT FEAT OF ARMS.

Our Troops Capture Tibetan Jong with Great Dash.

AN OFFICER KILLED.

Charge Up Almost Inaccessible Heights Under Heavy Fire.

"THE FINEST THING SINCE DARGAI."

The first success in the Tibetan war since the expiration of Colonel Younghusband's ultimatum is reported by our correspondent.

He telegraphs that the enemy's jong, or fort, was taken by storm yesterday by the British force after a magnificent charge.

ATTACK IN THE DARK.

The main attack was opened at four o'clock in the morning, when darkness still reigned. Three attacks were delivered before sunrise. The infantry charged with the operations met with a severe check, but, attacking with renewed vigour and dash, they succeeded in occupying the villages at the foot of the hill on which the jong stood.

Then the jong was shelled, and crumbling masonry soon showed the effect produced. After breaches had begun to appear in the walls, the infantry attack was renewed.

Seven hours' fighting followed, in which Lieutenant Gurdon, of the 32nd Sikhs, fell a victim. The other losses were small, only three men being killed.

SPLENDID BRAVERY.

It was at three in the afternoon that the final attack, which placed the fort in our possession, began.

A party of Gurkhas, Fusiliers, and Pathans rushed the breach made by the guns.

By five o'clock they were well established in the fort, the enemy, thoroughly demoralised, having fled in all directions.

The final dash was the finest feat of arms our Indian Army has accomplished since the gallant Gordons carried Dargai heights in the North-West Frontier campaign. The position was one of immense strength, and was held with the greatest tenacity.

The troops displayed admirable courage and dash, sweeping everything before them in their final wild rush.

Nothing finer could be imagined than the Gurkhas' and Fusiliers' burst up what appeared to be inaccessible heights defended at every point by sangars.

As they entered the fort they raised the echoes of the hills with wild yells.

HEROIC LIEUTENANT.

"The excitement of a long day culminated," says Reuter's Special Service correspondent, "in the scaling of a breach in the walls of the jong by Lieutenant Grant, of the 8th Gurkhas, followed by a mixed company of Gurkhas and Fusiliers."

"We watched with bated breath these heroic men climb a cleft in the rock in face of a hail of fire and torrents of stones which were hurled on their heads by the frantic Tibetans."

"A stone struck Lieutenant Grant, and swept him off his feet, as it seemed, to certain death below, but he recovered himself in a wonderful manner, and was the first man over the breach."

"As I write at dusk the battle is not quite over. One still hears wild bursts of musketry, but the jong is ours. It dominates the town below and the monastery beyond."

LIEUTENANT GURDON.

Lieutenant G. P. Gurdon, who was killed, received his first commission in 1898, and in the following year became attached to the Indian Staff Corps. Since that time he has served with the 32nd Pioneers, a Sikh regiment, in which he acted as quartermaster.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Brodric said he had received no confirmation of the report that the Tibetan jong had been taken. He added that the Government had changed its intentions in no single particular from the telegram to the Viceroy on November 6 last. The peace representatives were sent to stay the British advance, which it was desirable should not be delayed.

MUKDEN THREATENED.

Japanese Force Suddenly Advances on the Town.

PORT ARTHUR'S PERIL.

Several reports from Liao-yang state that the Japanese are advancing on Mukden.

Another message states that the advance is by no means impossible, and recalls the fact that the position of the 12th Japanese division, commanded by General Inouye, has for some time been unknown.

This division could have approached Mukden, unnoticed by the Russians, by means of forced marches through the Palline defiles.

HALF A MILLION RUSSIANS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

By an Imperial Ukase published to-day, 447,302 men liable for military service are to be called out this year in accordance with the Conscription Law.—Reuter.

FORCES MASSING.

Japanese Concentrating Their Strength Against Port Arthur.

From St. Petersburg a rumour is transmitted from the front that the Japanese are massing their forces against Port Arthur.

Another Liao-yang message via St. Petersburg says:—

"General Oku's army is retiring, evidently to concentrate on Port Arthur."

"Siege guns are being brought to the Kinchow position. Five hundred Russians made a reconnaissance in the direction of Pigeon Bay to ascertain if it was free from the enemy, but Admiral Togo's cruisers shelled them and compelled the detachment to withdraw, with one man killed and several wounded."

NAVAL BATTLE.

Success Claimed for the Vladivostok Squadron.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

A telegram of yesterday's date, received from Liao-yang, says:—

A persistent rumour is current here that the Vladivostok squadron encountered a Japanese squadron to-day to the north of Gensan, and that a hot engagement ensued, which ended favourably for the Russians.—Reuter.

It is stated that during the last raid of the Vladivostok squadron a Japanese torpedo-boat destroyer and a torpedo-boat were sunk.

JAPAN WILL APPEAL.

According to a St. Petersburg message to the Paris "Journal," Japan will ask for the intervention of England or China, having acquired proofs of a breach of neutrality by France and Germany.

This is alleged to have been committed by the offer of Kiaochau and the French colonial ports for the use of the Russian fleet.

82 IN THE SHADE.

Yesterday Was the Hottest Day of the Year.

Yesterday broke the year's record for brilliant weather—over fourteen hours' bright sunshine was registered at the Meteorological Office, and the thermometer rose to 82 in the shade.

And according to the weather prophets the heat-wave is likely to be with us for days to come. We may experience, they say, even hotter weather, though in some districts the heat is likely to be dissipated by local thunderstorms.

Yesterday's heat, to some extent, took Londoners by surprise, and many, who obviously wished they had adopted lighter attire, were seen sweltering in clothes that were suited to a temperature twenty degrees lower.

But it was an ideal July day. The heat was tempered by a pleasant breeze, and with prospects of holidays in the near future the sterner sex smiled cheerfully under the scorching sun.

M.P.'S FATAL ACCIDENT.

Inquest on the Death of Sir Wm. Rattigan.

An inquest was held on Sir William Rattigan, M.P., yesterday, at the Corner House Inn, Langford, near the spot on the Biggleswade road where he was killed in a motor-car accident on Monday evening.

The jury, in finding a verdict of Accidental Death, added that they considered the car was not in a condition to send on the road. They exonerated the driver from blame.

NO DISSOLUTION.

Mr. Balfour's Straight Talk to His Party.

EFFECT OF BY-ELECTIONS.

Mr. Balfour made a most important statement last night.

Speaking at a dinner of the northern Unionist members at the House of Commons, he said that under no circumstances would there be a dissolution this year, unless he failed to obtain the support of his colleagues.

Mr. Balfour assured the northern Unionist members that he could not name a time which could be fixed as a possible date for the dissolution of the present Parliament. But, although he could not fix a date, he could only emphasise what he had said elsewhere as to the views which he held as to when a dissolution would not take place.

The Government had not the slightest intention of resigning. Their opponents placed great weight upon the result of recent by-elections, but the Government were not unduly depressed by those which had already taken place, nor would they be by what might occur in the future.

The only question which had seriously affected the decision of recent elections was that of Chinese labour, and the mendacious statements made by their opponents on this question had even caused the Education Act to be lost sight of or obscured.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DANGER.

The results of the by-elections, however, were not the most serious danger of the Unionist Government. At the present moment the most apparent danger was want of loyalty on the part of some of the Unionist members. If the Government lost that support, if the party felt that the public interests were suffering owing to their remaining in office, then there was not a single member of the Government who would retain office for an hour. In that case he would look upon a dissolution of the present Parliament as a national misfortune.

In this session as well as in the next he would not burden his followers unduly with overmuch legislation, but in return he expected from them that loyalty in the Division Lobby which would enable the Government to carry out their programme to a successful issue.

Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., presided, and amongst those present were Lord Londonderry, president of the Northern Union; Sir Lindsay Wood, chairman of the body, and the following M.P.s:—Sir A. Acland Hood, chief Government Whip; the Hon. F. W. Lambton, Sir R. Ropner, Sir W. Plummer, and Colonel Bagot.

HOWLING TACTICS.

Liberals Refuse to Allow the Premier a Hearing.

Early last evening everybody in the House of Commons was nervously expecting a great scene over the Licensing Bill.

The Opposition, angry with the guillotine proposals of the Government, held a meeting at which Mr. Winston Churchill was present, to consider how best to give expression to their feelings. They were divided in opinion.

An extreme party suggested walking out without taking any part in further divisions. A second, equally hot-headed, suggested that the Opposition as a body should refuse to leave the House when the first compartment closure division was called. The third and more moderate party favoured a firm protest and clear explanation of the attitude of the Opposition by a leader of the Party.

This last course was ultimately decided on, lessening the chances of the great scene that many had anticipated.

When the House went into Committee on the Bill there were comparatively few occupants of the Opposition Benches, and each amendment as it was brought forward was rejected by a substantial Government majority.

MR. BALFOUR SMILES.

When the Chairman called on Mr. E. Griffith to move his amendment, Mr. Asquith rose, and a loud Opposition cheers, and said the amendment was referred to raised one of the most important questions in the whole Bill—it raised, in fact, the whole compensation question.

Mr. Balfour rose to speak, but the Opposition howled, yelled, and shouted, "Gag, gag."

He stood at the table for some time, and then, as the uproar continued, he, with a smile, resumed his seat.

At one minute to eleven o'clock the Chairman put the amendment, and the Committee divided on it. For the amendment, 219; against, 279.

SHOULD BREWERS VOTE?

Upon the Chairman putting the question that Clause 1 as amended stand part of the Bill, Mr. Lloyd-George asked whether those members financially interested in the liquor trade were en-

titled by the rules of the House to take part in the division.

The Chairman: I think the rule of the House has always been that any member who has a direct pecuniary interest is liable to have his vote struck off.

CLAUSE ONE PASSED.

The clause having been carried by 87 votes, Mr. Lloyd-George submitted that several members had recorded their votes in a manner that directly pecuniarily interested them. He mentioned Mr. Groves, and moved that his vote be disallowed.

The Chairman quoted the last ruling of the Speaker, that where the question was of a public and general nature, and incidentally involved the pecuniary interest of a class, members of that class were not prevented by the rules from voting. He thought the motion was not in order.

Mr. Emmott, Mr. W. Stokes, and Mr. F. Mount continued to argue that the question should be left to the House to decide, but the Chairman maintained that his ruling was correct, and he in the end left the chair amid cheers and uproar.

THE KING AT "BART'S."

Laying the Foundation Stone of the New Wing.

The sun shone brightly yesterday morning as their Majesties the King and Queen drove to St. Bartholomew's Hospital to lay the foundation-stone of the new wing.

Shortly before one o'clock the King and the royal party entered the large marquee which had been erected round the foundation-stone, accommodating at least 3,000 guests.

The medical profession was very strongly represented, and the hoods and gowns worn by the holders of degrees and diplomas made a blaze of colour set off by the white or delicate tints of the ladies' summer toilettes, and the cool blue of the pretty nurses' uniforms.

The City dignitaries made a brave show, but looked uncomfortably hot in their scarlet-furred robes, and the mayors of the metropolitan boroughs attended with their gold chains.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

The arrival of the royal party was marked with the most hearty cheers, and the simple little function was quickly proceeded with. The King was received by the Prince of Wales as president of the hospital, accompanied by the chief officials of the institution.

After prayers by the Bishop of London the Prince read an address, in which the King "gave" thanks for his interest in the hospital.

The King then replied in a few gracious words, concluding as follows: "We confidently believe that our subjects—and especially the citizens of London—will not fail in their interest in the progress of the scheme for rebuilding the hospital, nor allow that beneficent undertaking to be hindered for want of the necessary funds."

The laying of the foundation stone thereupon took place. It was a big square mass of suitably-inscribed red granite, which would not go into its place without the earnest efforts of a man who worked the pulley and four perspiring gentlemen in frock coats who hung on to each corner.

While this was in progress the King chatted with the Queen, who looked charming in a mauve costume. He laughed from time to time at the efforts of everyone to get the stone in its place. At length they were successful, and his Majesty, after three resounding taps, declared it well and truly laid.

Then the Queen was admitted as the first lady governor of the institution, being solemnly "charged" by the secretary in the old form for admission of governors.

SOUVENIR FOR THE QUEEN.

She was then presented with a miniature staff of office, a replica of about the size of a fountain pen.

The royal party drove off while Madame Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," to speed the parting guests. The King's carriage passed slowly round the quadrangle in the centre of which had been placed a colony of sufficiently recovered patients.

His Majesty, before leaving, contributed £1,000 to the fund.

"SALOME" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Massenet's opera "Hérodiade" was produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden last night, under the title of "Salomé." Extensive alterations have been necessitated in the libretto, all Biblical references having been deleted to satisfy the censor.

Some of the changes are amusing. John the Baptist has become merely "Jean," Herod is King of Ethiopia, and so on, the scene being changed to Egypt.

Last night's performance served to introduce Calvé in a new rôle, Salomé, the other artists being Mme. Helian and Kirkby Lunn, and MM. Dalmores, Renaud, Glibert, Cotrenil, Dufiche, and Plançon.

The Alack of Abokuta will leave St. Pancras at two o'clock to-day for Liverpool, from which port he sails for the West Coast of Africa.

The Dean of Hereford at Southampton yesterday said the Government had a severe attack of beer-berry, and he was afraid they would not revive until the atmosphere had been cleared of the liquor interests.

MOTORS AS ELECTION AGENTS.

Car Rides the Best Argument for Chertsey Voters.

CONSERVATIVE MAY WIN.

At the close of the poll in the Chertsey constituency yesterday, the Conservatives were cheerful and confident, and the Liberals correspondingly despondent.

It is generally expected that Lord Bingham will retain the seat for his party, but by a reduced majority—about 600 is the Conservative estimate.—The result will be declared about noon to-day.

Whatever means, fair or foul, may have been employed in the intermediate stages of the fight, yesterday's battle was an engagement of motor-cars.

Early in the morning, Woking woke to an overpowering odour of petrol, and all day long the automatic conveyances careered through Chertsey smothering vehemently.

Motor-Mad Electors.

With ordinary vehicles the ordinary elector would have nothing to do. If he might not ride in a motor-car he allowed it to be understood that he would not vote at all. It should be a happy omen for Lord Bingham that three out of every four of the cars on the roads were decorated with his handsome orange and violet favours.

There can be no doubt that Chertsey folk have thoroughly enjoyed the amenities of this election. A *Mirror* representative was fortunate enough to obtain an interview with a gentleman of Radical opinions who has distinguished himself during the past three weeks by the variety and number of the questions he has put to the rival candidates.

The "heckler" was found shaking his head disconsolately over a cool mug of beer. His glory was rapidly departing, but he brightened up when addressed.

"Ara! ten questions?" he repeated. "I should think I did arst 'em questions. Why, I arst 'em lots of questions they couldn't answer, didn't I, Dave?"

Dave, who was in the incipient stages of a complaint now known in Chertsey as "beery-beery," nodded gravely.

"You did," he said slowly. "You arst 'em questions that nobody could answer."

"No, I've written no poetry myself," continued the heckler modestly, "but I know lots that has. Nearly everybody has, in fact."

The Political Poet.

"There was two young fellows—two young dry-breaders, they was—making up poetry about Sadler over their lunch down at the Albion, in Woking."

"They was lookin' jink for a rhyme, when a gent, gets up from the next table."

"I think," he says, "that it is only fair," he says, "to tell you that I am Mr. Sadler."

"That ought to have cured them of writing poetry, but it didn't. Listen to this:—"

Buck up Egham.

Vote for Bingham.

Look at Woolwich; look at Rye;

Chertsey hit 'em in the eye.

And the disgusted heckler turned to his refreshment again.

At six o'clock it was estimated that thirty per cent. of the probable voters had already polled. After that hour a rush set in which taxed the carrying power of all the vehicles at the disposal of either side.

The poll was not, however, so large as it would have been had not the weather been so fine. Many electors were too busy in the fields to attend to polls.

ANGLO-FRENCH DIFFICULTY.

A reference to the Anglo-French agreement in the House of Commons yesterday has given rise to some speculation as to its true import. It is feared that some unforeseen difficulty may have arisen since the convention was signed.

Mr. Gibson Bowles had three questions on the Parliamentary paper raising several points in respect to the agreement, but Mr. Balfour asked that any questions on the subject should be postponed, as he did not think it would be in the public interest at that moment to refer to the matter by way of question and answer.

Mr. Bowles said that, in view of the extreme gravity of the situation, he would repeat the questions in a fortnight's time.

Miss Kathleen Chabot, who has recently been touring with Madame Melba, gave her first piano-forte recital at Steinway Hall last night, and scored a great success. Mr. Plunket Greene assisted.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company will at Drury Lane produce Verdi's "La Traviata" to-morrow evening. It is many years since this opera was presented in English at a London theatre.

TOUTING FOR GRAVES.

How Rural Cemeteries Offer Commissions to Undertakers.

There is still room for you is the purport of a circular sent out by the directors of the General Cemetery Company, of Kensal Green.

A *Mirror* representative was informed by Mr. T. Burgess, the superintendent of the old cemetery, that it was necessary to correct the impression that the "vacant space is exhausted, whereas there are thousands of grave spaces available in the old portion, and twenty acres in the higher parts practically untouched."

The rivalry between cemeteries is far keener and more vigorous than the competition in the undertaking business, and commissions of ten per cent. and twenty per cent. are often inducements to undertakers to take business to the new grounds.

There has been a decided falling off, however, in the interments at Kensal Green, although one of the best laid out and well-kept burial grounds in London.

In a note at the foot of the circular the directors point out that, when received by people lying seriously ill, it must not be looked upon as an unpleasant reminder of death.

The words of the footnote read:—
"N.B.—This circular is being sent to all whose names appear in the 'Court Directory,' and if by any chance it should arrive at a time of bereavement or serious illness, the recipient is begged to believe it is an unfortunate coincidence, and not bad taste on the part of the directors."

ABANDONING A FOOTMAN.

Mistress's Strange Treatment of a Foreign Servant.

A foreigner named Etienne Roger gave the Marylebone magistrate yesterday an account of the singular circumstances under which he was dismissed from the service of Mrs. Addy Scott, a lady living at Cambridge-gate, Regent's Park.

He was engaged by Mrs. Scott as a footman, he said, on June 18. A week later, about 5.30 p.m., she drove to Richmond, and while in the park told him she had lost her newspaper, ordering him to get down and look for it.

Roger did so, and his mistress then drove off. For three-quarters of an hour he ran about trying to find her, and in the end made his way to the nearest railway station, where, by leaving his wedding-ring with the station-master, he obtained a ticket and came to London.

On going to Mrs. Scott's house, however, he was refused admission, and, in spite of numerous visits, had been unable to get his luggage. In consequence he summoned Mrs. Scott for detaining three trunks and a valise.

Mrs. Scott did not appear at the police court, but was represented by a solicitor who said that his client took Roger into the park and dropped him with the express object of getting rid of him, as he would not do what she wanted and would not leave.

Mr. Kennedy made an order for the things to be given up, or for Mrs. Scott to pay £14, their value, with two guineas costs.

NORGE DISASTER.

Sufferings of Survivors Afloat for Six Days.

According to the stories told by some of the seventeen survivors of the wreck of the Norge landed at Aberdeen, six boats got away from the wreck, so that two boats are still missing.

The party left the ship in company with two other boats, in one of which was the first mate, who gave them two buckets of fresh water and two biscuits per man. On this they subsisted for six days.

When the news of the landing of this party was announced to the other survivors on board the Saxonia when the liner called at Queens-town yesterday, they became greatly excited and overjoyed, and eagerly inquired the names of the rescued.

One aged man, who had lost his children, was frantic in his inquiries as to whether they had been saved, but no reliable information could be given him.

Of the entire ship's company 143 have been saved, and the estimated death-roll is 622.

On our front page we reproduce portrait sketches of the rescued girl, made by our artist correspondent at Liverpool, who saw Miss Olsen as she was about to embark for New York.

We also give a picture of her brave brother, drawn from material supplied by our reporter.

WIRE MOTOR TRAP—ARREST.

William Austin has been arrested by the Slough police, charged with placing a wire across the great Bath road.

A motor driven by Mr. Partridge charged the obstacle in the dark, but, fortunately, the steering-wheel broke the wire.

DANCER'S LOVE LETTERS.

Cleo de Merode Opens a Trunk Full of Tributes.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.
Mlle. Cleo de Merode, the famous Parisian dancer, whose wonderful, melancholy eyes, shadowed by her smoothly-parted dark hair, have set uncounted hearts aflame, has taken the "Figaro" into her confidence.

To-day she confessed with a smile, which lighted up the pure serenity of her lovely face, that she possessed a trunk full of love-letters—letters sent by her unknown admirers, from Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, where she has been dancing her triumphant way during the past months. With a gesture of inimitable grace, Mlle. de Merode brought forth an armful of these amorous billets, and laid them before the gentleman from the "Figaro."

A student of philosophy writes:—

You are the most beautiful in the world. I have seen you, mademoiselle, and shall forget you never. You cannot be angry with this audacious son of the north.

Several young men subscribe to this:—

I and all my friends have seen you but twice on the stage at Malmo, and we followed your carriage at a gallop. So many times did we cry "Hurrah!" that we are quite enfeebled.

Another party of students address her in these glowing terms:—

The students of Gothenburg will keep to old age the memory of your magnificent person, and will count the moments in which they saw you as the sweetest of their lives.

A budding poet pours forth his soul:—

You are the sun, eternally beaming; you are the moon for ever shining in the sky; you are the star, brighter than day.

A lady of sensitive heart, for the ladies are as fond of Cleo as the men, writes:—

Beautiful, enchanting, Mlle. Cleo. . . . Day and night I see your beautiful and innocent eyes. You are, and always will be, my ideal of beauty and child-like purity.

Charming is the tribute of some quite little girls:—

Our Dear Cleo,—To-day we saw you at the station. It was we who ran along the platform with your train.

BOY'S LOST MEMORY.

Cannot Recollect His Home or Relations.

Seeing a well-dressed boy of twelve wandering aimlessly in Kingston-on-Thames a policeman accosted him—to find that the lad's mind was an absolute blank.

Though perfectly sensible, he could not remember his name or address, and was absolutely unable to give any account of how he came to be in Kingston.

The police took him to the workhouse and circulated his description, and yesterday afternoon a Mr. Sameson, of Tantalion-road, Tooting, went to the workhouse, and found that the boy was his brother, Richard, who had been missing from home since Tuesday morning.

The lad had been studying hard for an examination, and on his way to school had suddenly lost his memory and wandered away.

Even now, though for a moment he recognised his brother, he cannot recollect his home or parents, or anything that happened before Tuesday morning.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Woman Revives During Her Own Burial Mass.

A woman of Freiburg was buried (says a Zurich Reuter telegram) at Einsiedeln, the seat of the well-known shrine of the Black Madonna.

The service at the grave was over, and the mourners had gone to mass in the Abbey church, when the gravedigger, who had begun to fill in the grave, heard cries for help.

The coffin was opened, and the woman was discovered to be still alive.

TRIED TWICE FOR HIS LIFE.

The Crown case against Joseph Fee, who is charged for the second time at Monaghan Assizes with the murder of John Flanagan, closed yesterday.

Evidence was given that a knife found by the body in a manure pit was similar to one owned by the prisoner. Also that the prisoner was in possession of a purse identified as belonging to the murdered man.

The Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, is to be put up to auction very shortly. Whether it is to be pulled down subsequently or is to be taken to a career of renewed theatrical glory is uncertain.

GAY DAY AT HENLEY.

Great Crowds Witness a Sensational Race for Diamond Sculls.

CHAMPION COLLAPSES.

Henley was herself again yesterday. The sights, sounds, and sunny scenery were worthy of the past records of the royal regatta.

The service of sixteen special trains from Paddington was really made use of by hundreds. Through Hambleton Lock, from the lower reaches, the people poured in punts, skiffs, and Canadian canoes.

"Isn't it delightful?" said the ladies to one another, and replied, "Yes, isn't it heavenly?"

It was also hot—stifling hot. The racing opened quietly. Cloutie made Rixon look silly and beat him easily. St. John's and First Trinity had a ding-dong tussle all the way. In the last hundred yards it seemed as though the Oxford men would win by a length, but First Trinity answered the spurt with only a third of a length separated them at the finish.

Then everyone began to talk of the race of the day. What would happen at 3.30, when Kelly, the picked man of English sculling, met Scholes, the Canadian? The Balliol man found most favour.

Strength v. Science.

The foreigner, as in the jargon of the regatta he was persistently called, could not win, prophesied the knowing. He might be in form—he was in form, but what was that against an oarsman with such a record, who had "raised sculling from the ranks of a mere sport to the elevation of a fine art." It was about in the air, because Scholes is so powerful, that there would be a match between strength and science.

In due time the bells rang, and the course commenced to clear—on account of what was expected—with more alacrity than usual. A few minutes, and then the impressive brown launch of the Thames Conservancy steamed slowly down to Temple Island from the bridge.

The officials, in their white boxes, on guard where a shifting boom makes passage-way into the course, became alert and shouting. The umpire's boat, with its great rowing blues and favoured friends of the powers on board, pushed up towards the starting place. Presently the course was as clear as could be, and the booms were poled over by their guardians.

Titanic Struggle.

Boom! the guns went. The men were off. The course was one blaze of moving colours as the people in the boats, on the launches, and on the bank sprang and struggled to their feet to get a long sight of the race. Glasses searched the stretch of water for the boats and the red indicators at the distance posts.

Before this event an aimless interest had been taken in the racing, now what? Well, it was to be a race, they said.

The men came on grandly. The sun glinted upon the wet sculls, rhythmically rising and falling, but told nothing to the watchers further up. The indicators reported faithfully, Kelly clear at a quarter of a mile, ahead by two lengths at half. Scholes stuck to him. Spurt answered spurt. At the mile mark Kelly only had half a length advantage.

Suddenly there was trouble. The hand of fate came down on Kelly, and stopped him. There was no longer any river for him, just blackness, but an unconscious effort of will power drove the human machine still.

Kelly Beaten.

With his neck loose, his head rolling from shoulder to shoulder, his mouth lolled open, and in green shadows over his face, he rowed on past the Phyllis Court ferry.

He was not pulling half his weight. He himself did not really know he was pulling at all. It was not Kelly, but a wonderful automaton, pulling even now with the style of the master sculler.

The white flag fell on Scholes, when Kelly's boat was opposite the Grand Stand, drifting, Kelly's head was on his hands. The Thames Conservancy launch drew closer. A cheer rang out. Kelly came back to himself a little. He feebly put the boat's head round and shaped a straight course. He essayed a stroke, and collapsed finally. The Conservancy men took him on board just as Scholes came up, backing water, to help him.

The results of the day's racing will be found on page 15.

HAGGERTY IN TRAINING.

Haggerty is still doing splendidly at Blackpool. Yesterday he swam out a couple of miles against a strong tide, returning to the pier after an hour and a half's swimming. In all probability he will next week be taken out to sea, a distance of nine or ten miles in a steamboat, and will then swim back to the jetty.

"MESSIAH'S" LIFE STORY.

First-rate Boxer and Shiftless
World Wanderer.

A COMING SENSATION.

There was an air of mystery at Cedar Lodge, Clapton, yesterday, and the inmates would neither affirm nor deny that the "Messiah" had returned to the North-East London "Abode of Love."

The blinds were all up and numerous female figures were seen sitting to and fro in the drawing-room. Curious neighbours and children stood in front of the house all day.

A Mirror representative, who called there yesterday afternoon, was received by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged lady, who said that it was impossible to have an interview with the Rev. J. Smyth-Pigott on any consideration.

Asked whether he had arrived from Somerset, the lady said, "In all good faith and sincerity I tell you that the Almighty himself is about to speak in judgment, and then the people will know. That is all I can tell you with civility and friendliness."

Then she firmly closed the door of Cedar Lodge. From the bustle and activity in the house it is believed that the "Minister of Love" returned there on Tuesday night.

Great Things in Contemplation.

There is a large garden at the back of the house which is shut in by very high walls, so that it is practically impossible to arrive at the house. The Agape-monite church close by is still closed.

Judging from the statement made by the grey-haired disciple it is evident that the Rev. Smyth-Pigott is about to make some great demonstration to his followers in imitation of General Booth.

A friend who has known the self-styled "Messiah" since he was a boy at school said yesterday:

"Smyth-Pigott is now about fifty-three years of age, and has had a very varied career. Judging by his boyhood and following years he is the last man I should have believed would have gone in for religion."

He went to sea for one voyage as an apprentice in the merchant service; then to Repton School and Cambridge University, where he left many creditors to mourn his departure.

"The next I heard of him was that he had worked his way out to Australia, where he remained for three years, working as a stockman driving cattle."

"One day Smyth-Pigott returned home to his family in Somerset, and did not get any fatted calf killed in his honour. He had worked his way back in a ship, and was as hard up as when he left England."

"Messiah" on a Coffee Plantation.

"A friend of the family gave him an introduction to some planters in Ceylon and paid his passage out. The young man was as hard as nails in those days, tall and slim, and spent two years on the plantations in the famous spice island."

"Then he suddenly disappeared, owing more money, and turned up later in Calcutta, where he made a brief stay, and, after getting into debt, he went to San Francisco before the mast in a sailing vessel."

"Smyth-Pigott got very hard up in 'Frisco, and eventually joined the American Army. He stayed there in a cavalry regiment until there was an expedition against the Indians, and then deserted, as it was against his belief to shed blood."

"The next I heard of him was that he was working in the East End of London as a missionary in the slums, and then he blossomed out into the 'Messiah.'"

In concluding his remarks the gentleman said: "In the old days Smyth-Pigott was a first-class boxer, and since he boxed the show he had a great opinion of himself. He was an amusing raconteur, and had not enough religious sentiment to cover a postage stamp. On the mother's side he is related to Mr. Labouchere, the proprietor of 'Truth.'"

Pigott Threatened with an Action.

Our representative at Spaxton telegraphs:—"Over the 'Abode of Love' hangs sorrow and a great silence. Since Pigott's disappearance, all inquiries have failed to locate the 'Lamb.'"

"It appears there is the possibility of an action for damages being brought against the Agape-monites, with the 'Messiah' as chief defendant in connection with the memorable picnic last Wednesday in the Quantocks Hills. It seems that the fire lighted by the religious revellers to boil their kettles set fire to the gorse and bracken, and considerable damage was done. The owner is now claiming compensation."

"How the process will be served is a question. Pigott, seen by a Spaxton villager just before his flight, said, 'If people would only believe and be saved, I would stay and testify until the end of all things.'"

YOUNG GIRL'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Sentence of death was passed at the Kent Assizes yesterday on Susan Challis, a seventeen-year-old servant girl, for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child at Srood in May last.

The jury, who arrived at their verdict after two hours' deliberation, recommended the girl to mercy. On hearing the verdict, the prisoner fainted, and had to be carried from the dock.

"MAYBRICK DID NOT DIE OF ARSENIC."

Home Office Analyst Records His Conviction That
Mrs. Maybrick Did Not Poison Her Husband.

JURY'S "WRONG-DOING" REMAINS.

Fair-minded Englishmen and Englishwomen are everywhere turning serious attention to the Maybrick case, which is now being revived in the Mirror.

It is a revelation to find an almost universal belief in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence, even at this date, when her long sentence of imprisonment draws to a close. The enlightened public conscience of England is profoundly shocked at the thought that this little American woman, who forfeited her American citizenship by marrying a Liverpool cotton merchant, James Maybrick, should have paid so terrible a penalty on a charge of killing her husband by giving him arsenic, while the Home Secretary, who respited the death sentence, actually admitted that there was reasonable doubt whether James Maybrick's death was caused by arsenical poisoning.

FIFTEEN YEARS ON A DOUBT.

The only benefit of this doubt given to Mrs. Maybrick took the form of fifteen years' exile in a convict prison. English lovers of justice see little of the quality of mercy in such an alternative. Had Mrs. Maybrick been tried in Scotland she

Meymott Tidy, the eminent Home Office analyst, to a friend, who has for many years advocated the release of Mrs. Maybrick. That letter must carry great weight, when its explicit terms are considered.—

3, Mandeville-place, Cavendish-square, W., 5 Jan'y, 1891.

That a woman is at the present time confined in an English prison for an offence that neither she nor anybody else has committed (for nothing is more certain than that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic) is a most painful fact. I scarcely dare think of the extent to which a Judge and Jury may go wrong, and the wrong-doing remain.—Faithfully yours,

C. MEYMOTT TIDY.

Dr. Meymott Tidy was not a young, obscure, inexperienced practitioner. He was the foremost toxicologist of the time, for many years official analyst to the Home Office, and medical officer of health for Islington. He was also a barrister-at-law, and examiner of forensic medicine at the London Hospital.

None of the medical witnesses at the Maybrick trial had had so wide experience in arsenical poisoning cases as Dr. Meymott Tidy. He told the Court

3 MANDEVILLE PLACE,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

5. Jan'y. 1891.

My dear Sir,
That a woman is at the present time confined in an English prison for an offence that neither she nor anybody else has committed (for nothing is more certain than that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic) is a most painful fact. I scarcely dare think of the extent to which a Judge and Jury may go wrong, and the wrong-doing remain.
Faithfully yours *Chapman Tidy.*

Facsimile of the letter written by the late Dr. Meymott Tidy, the famous Home Office analyst, in which he states that Mr. James Maybrick did not die of arsenical poisoning.

would naturally have been acquitted by the verdict of "Not Proven"—that logical way of escape to prisoners whose guilt the Crown authorities have failed to absolutely prove.

Hence it is strongly felt in medical and legal circles that a free pardon from the King is Mrs. Maybrick's due, even after she has fully expiated the offence of which a jury of plumbers and farmers found her guilty, while from her place in the dock she protested "Before God, I am innocent of this charge."

The doubt in the Maybrick trial, which favoured the prisoner, was founded mainly upon the medical evidence—always of vital importance in an alleged poisoning case. It was remarkable that of the ten doctors who appeared for the prosecution and defence, almost every one of them hesitated to say positively that James Maybrick's death was caused by arsenic.

Only the doctors who witnessed for the defence spoke positively to the contrary. They emphatically declared against arsenic, as was pointed out by Dr. Forbes Winslow, in an interview published in the Mirror yesterday, which created a great impression in favour of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence. To-day we publish the facsimile of a letter, written two years after the trial, by the late Dr.

that he had assisted at something short of a thousand post-mortem cases, and forty cases of arsenical poisoning.

SYMPTOMS "POINT AWAY."

With the Crown contention that the symptoms of James Maybrick's last illness pointed to arsenic he had no sympathy, and ridiculed the theory as a "toxicological curiosity."

"The symptoms of the post-mortem," he said emphatically, "distinctly point away from arsenic." Note the words "away from!"

A voluminous writer on medical, chemical, and toxicological subjects, Dr. Tidy lost no time after the trial in putting his views fully before the public and his professional brethren, in the form of a convincing pamphlet entitled "The Maybrick Trial, a Toxicological Study."

Necessarily scientific and technical in its terminology, this pamphlet carefully perused leaves no "reasonable doubt" on the reader's mind regarding Mrs. Maybrick's innocence.

It demolishes the whole case for the prosecution, by proving that her husband did not die of arsenic, and that, therefore, in plain, cold logic, she did not kill him.

NEW BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The men in charge of the Left Luggage Office at Waterloo Station are to-day suffering from swollen heads.

An innocent-looking passenger from the country, who deposited a package containing live bees, is the cause.

The bees escaped from their box, took the office by storm, and routed the station staff. Eventually they were persuaded to return to their quarters by Mr. Jecomb Hood, the chief engineer.

Later in the day a telegram was received by the railway authorities, announcing the defeat of the L. and S.-W. forces at Coopers Station.

A pet lizard, which escaped from a passenger's box in the van of a train, had driven the guard from his post, and, single-handed, had successfully held the position against the entire station staff. Gosport required reinforcements from Waterloo.

MAGISTRATE'S MISSING PLATE.

A butler named Welby Hoffman, in the service of Mr. Chapman, the Southwark Police Court magistrate, was remanded at the South-Western Court yesterday on a charge of stealing his master's plate.

The plate, which disappeared from Mr. Chapman's private residence at Putney, was valued at £200. Hoffman admitted to a detective that he was responsible for the theft.

LOOSE SIDE OF KISSING.

The promiscuous kissing question is being keenly discussed at Leeds. The local Nonconformist ministers deprecate Mr. Myer's attitude, and dissent altogether from the view that kissing games are played for the sake of the kissing itself.

One minister holds that kissing should not be interpreted as having a loose side to it.

M.P. ON THE "OFF" SIDE.

Mr. Louis Sinclair's Unsuccessful
Claim to Privilege.

THE SPEAKER'S VERDICT.

Mr Louis Sinclair showed great anxiety in the House of Commons yesterday to obtain an exact interpretation of the extent of a member of Parliament's privileges. His desire for information on the point arose from the fact that he had been fined 20s. and costs the previous day for driving a motor-car on the wrong side of a street refuge. He had contended, without success, at Marlborough-street Police Court that, as an M.P., he was privileged to do so.

He called the Speaker's attention to a Sessional Order which directs the Commissioner of Police to keep the passage through the streets leading to the House of Commons clear, so that no obstruction should hinder the passage of members to and from the House.

The House greeted Mr. Sinclair's story of his motoring experience with a good deal of chaff. "Oh, oh!" an honourable member cried when Mr. Sinclair, in answer to a question of "Where?" explained that he was driving home down Regent-street. He drove on the "off" side because the road was obstructed by fire hose.

He wanted to know how far the privileges of members extended. If he had not taken the "off" side he would have lost half an hour in getting home.

His First Offence.

It was the first time he had ever been ("Oh, oh," and cries of "No, no")—and have waited until the obstruction had moved had he not read the Sessional Order, meaning that he was to have free access from the House without being treated as having disregarded the law of this country. (Great cheers and laughter.)

The Speaker: The House will agree with me that it would have been better if the hon. member had kept on the right side of the road. (Up- roarious cheers and laughter.) I do not think the House will treat this as a question of privilege. It seems to me to be an ordinary police case.

Loud and prolonged cheering greeted the Speaker's statement of his view of the question, and Mr. Sinclair had to rest content with this decision.

DETECTIVES AS "PICKPOCKETS."

Great Hoard of Counterfeit Florins
Discovered.

Before Henry Harrison, who is now in custody on a charge of manufacturing counterfeit coin, was arrested his movements were for some time shadowed by detectives. The latter on one occasion sat behind him on a tram and felt in his pockets, but they failed to find any coins.

On the following day the detectives entered Harrison's house in Camberwell, and found him holding out a sheet and a blanket, which, they suggest, he intended to throw over them in order to escape in the subsequent confusion. Harrison and his sister, Mary Harrison, were arrested, and were at Lambeth Police Court yesterday committed for trial.

Counsel for the Treasury informed the magistrate that the case was one of considerable importance, owing to the very large number of counterfeit coins—1,400—found at the prisoners' premises.

SAILOR'S ANIMAL AUDIENCE.

Carter, the young sailor, who is in custody in connection with the theft of Nelson relics from Greenwich Hospital, possesses ability as a musician. When he was living at Victoria Dock-road in December, 1900, he used to amuse himself by playing a clarinet by the kitchen fire, with the landlady's domestic pets—a small dog and a Persian cat—as audience. Carter would laugh uproariously when the dog sat on his hind legs and whined at the music.

WE ARE
SAVING

MONEY

FOR YOU.

Page 2 tells

... you. . .

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Peter and John Smith, two brothers who are both "black-listers," were fined at Prescot for drunkenness.

Four Kippax miners were summoned at Leeds for gaming at "nap" in a cab at midnight. But it was pointed out that it was a private cab, and the case was dismissed.

Major-General Sir Alexander Reid has just undergone an operation for the removal of an Afghan bullet-splinter received at the storming of the Peiwar Kotal in 1878.

In the opinion of the medical officer of the late London School Board, schools should not be closed if small-pox becomes prevalent. The better way, he thinks, is to temporarily exclude unvaccinated children.

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE FLOWERS.

On the occasion of the Queen's visit to the annual flower show of the East London and People's Palace Horticultural Society, to be held at the Palace on July 14, her Majesty will be presented with a bouquet which will consist of orchids and carnations, the Queen's favourite flowers.

LARGE-HEARTED MAN.

Frederick Reickie, a stonemason, of Clerkenwell, came home from his work and had a hearty meal. He then went to sleep.

Later his wife went to look at him, and found he was making a peculiar noise. He became black in the face.

At the inquest yesterday the doctor said the man's heart was three times its normal size. Death was due to heart failure.

SCHOOLGIRL'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A Scottish schoolgirl, aged fourteen, who disappeared from a school at Kingussie, has died under strange circumstances. After being away for five days she appeared at a relative's house in Glasgow in a terribly exhausted state, and died without making any definite statement.

The girl was a native of the Isle of Skye, and was apparently making for her home.

NO ROOM TO HUSTLE.

Speaking at King's College yesterday, Sir John Wolfe Barry said that he did not know how the London traffic problem could be grappled with, unless the authorities recognised the necessity of a heavy outlay now in securing wider streets.

Delays pressed most heavily on the working classes, because to them the loss of time meant loss of money, and the money lost in London every day for want of proper communication was something enormous.

DIVORCE CASE CAUSES BANKRUPTCY.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday the discharge of Frederick Crichton, who attributed his failure to the costs of unsuccessful divorce proceedings against his wife and to loss in connection with a public-house, was suspended for two years. The liabilities were returned at £1,239, of which £234 represented costs of the divorce proceedings, and nothing has been realised. The failure occurred in March last.

DONKEY THAT DRINKS.

"The blooming donkey won't pass a public-house; she can drink more than you or me," was the excuse offered by Edward Belcher, when spoken to about his ill-treatment of his donkey. Emma Belcher, his wife, said prisoner only once hit the donkey, which she said would always "draw up near a pub" and stop.

But the West Ham magistrate imposed a fine of 40s., including costs, or twenty-one days' imprisonment.

TESTING ENGLAND'S COINAGE.

At the Goldsmiths' Hall, City, the Trial of the Pyx, or the ancient custom of testing the standard of gold and silver coins, was held yesterday.

This is one of the oldest customs retained in this country. The first known writ issued for the Trial of the Pyx, or chest containing specimen coins minted, is dated 1281, whilst sixty years later the trial was formally established by King Edward III.

The King's Remembrancer, Lord Dunboyne, presided at the opening of the trial yesterday, there being also present the Deputy-Master of the Mint and the chief officers of the Mint.

POLICEMAN'S EXPENSIVE BLUNDER.

At Wakefield a constable has been ordered to pay £15 damages to a cabman for assault and false imprisonment.

While the cabman was disputing with a customer about a fare the constable appeared on the scene, charged plaintiff with being drunk, and pushed him to the ground and injured his hand. The cabman was then handcuffed, conveyed to Wakefield, and locked up in a cell all night, whilst his request to see a doctor was not acceded to.

His Honour said he was satisfied that plaintiff was sober, and that the constable assaulted him.

The cost of the transport service for men and stores in connection with the South African war amounted to £19,888,175, says a return just issued by the Admiralty.

Judge Smyly said he would not believe that an organ-grinder defendant at Shoreditch County Court only earned 10s. a week. He thought £3 was well within the mark.

Small-pox has broken out in the Militia encampment of the Royal Leinster Regiment at Mosney, and three privates have been removed to the Drogheda Fever Hospital.

In a case at Bangor arising out of a dispute between neighbours, it transpired that one of the disputants had bored a hole through the wall in order to hear what was being said next door.

The Poplar Board of Guardians have passed a resolution approving of the nationalisation of the poor rate. They think that the present poor law system presses far too heavily on the poor districts.

HER SECOND MISFORTUNE.

A fire broke out yesterday on board the China Mutual Company's steamer Ping Suey, lying at Liverpool Docks.

The Ping Suey is the vessel which broke down a few days ago off Scilly, and was towed to Liverpool by tugs.

BABY ROASTED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Evans, the wife of a Senghenydd (Glamorgan) barman, went out, leaving her nine-month-old baby in charge of the grandmother.

When the mother returned she found the grandmother holding the child over the fire with its feet on the coals, and it was so terribly injured that it died in hospital yesterday. The grandmother has been arrested.

LIABILITIES £554,007—ASSETS NIL.

Formerly a railway contractor for Argentina, Uruguay, and Canada, Francis Arthur Bowen, of Finsbury-pavement, has since 1896 been helping to set patents and doing commission business.

With indebtedness £554,007, and assets nil, he at yesterday's public examination ascribed his insolvency to depreciation in South American securities.

CAT'S 100-MILE WALK.

Some time ago a lady who was moving to Worthing took her pet cat with her in a hamper from Bedford. But the same night puss was missing.

Three months later the owner ascertained that her pet had been found at Bedford, having taken up its abode in a barrel in the garden of its old home 100 miles away.

For the second time puss was brought to its new home on the Sussex coast, but it has disappeared again, and it is probably now on tramp once more to its old quarters.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

Martin Harmer, a cabdriver, pleaded guilty at Stafford to being drunk while in charge of his cab.

His employer, speaking on the man's behalf, said: "He is a fair sample of our profession. He works sixteen or seventeen hours a day, and has not had a day's rest for five years. In twenty-six years he has not had such a charge, and I do hope you'll overlook it."

But the magistrate said he must fine Harmer 10s. and 3s. costs, or ten days.

LARGEST RACING MOTOR.

A motor-car of 150 horse-power, designed to travel 100 miles an hour, is at present in the garage of Messrs. Friswell and Company, of Albany-street, N.W.

It has the largest engine that has ever been placed in a motor-car, and its "bonnet," that is, the covering for the engine, is 5ft. 10in. long, and sufficiently big to cover a couple of men.

This leviathan car was built by S. Dobelli, of Rome, for racing, but it has never been in a race. Its cost was originally about £2,000, but the reserve price now placed on it is £1,000.

"GHOST" THAT WAS SHAMED.

The loud barking of his dog at midnight aroused a Gateshead widower, who proceeded with his gun to explore. All at once a phantom in white rose behind the hedge.

Terror-stricken, he managed to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak! If from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch," returned the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A—, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B—." Mary her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom.

Taking courage the farmer rushed on the ghostly visitor, to discover none other than Henrietta B— herself.

In consequence of the frequent cases of pocket-picking on the Dover-Calais boats, special detectives now cross with the vessels.

At to-morrow's meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board a letter will be read from Mr. John Burns, M.P., resigning his seat as a member of that authority.

"She was so drunk, your worship," said a constable at the Southwark Police Court, "that she stopped a stranger in the street and accused him of being her husband."

"Much of the disease and temporary or even permanent injury to health suffered by children is the result of personal uncleanness," says a report by the medical officer of the late London School Board.

£70 FOR AN EYE.

At Birmingham Clara Edwards was awarded £70 damages for the loss of an eye.

She was employed as a pin maker, and it was alleged that she was supplied with "springy" wire, which flew off the machine at which she was working, a piece striking her in the eye, destroying the sight.

SQUANDERED A LARGE FORTUNE.

At Crewe Ann Platt, wife of a respectable tradesman, was fined 5s. and costs for drunkenness.

The police said she was a pest to society. She had been turned out of many houses, and on Monday her landlord to get her out was obliged to resort to the strictest measures and take out the windows of her house and pull down the doors. Prisoner had squandered a large fortune lately.

SERVED 40,000 SUMMONSES.

At Kingston-on-Thames yesterday the Mayor presented to Warrant-officer Williams, on behalf of the Bench, a watch, on the occasion of his retirement after twenty-six years' service.

During the greater part of that time P.C. Williams has been the warrant officer attached to the Kingston Police Court, and has served close upon 40,000 summonses.

MOTOR-CAR IN FLAMES.

A large motor-car, belonging to Mr. G. Losser, of De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Victoria Embankment, was being driven along Sutherland-avenue, Paddington, when it suddenly burst into flames, and the two occupants, Albert Salmon, thirty, and George Alexandra, twenty-eight, were badly burned on the hands and arms before they could leap out.

The fire brigade was summoned, but the car was practically destroyed. The cause of the fire is officially ascribed to "smoking tobacco."

BIGGEST BUFFERS IN THE WORLD.

At King's Cross, the Great Northern Railway have just installed five sets of hydraulic buffers, which are the biggest of their kind yet constructed.

Each set of buffers weighs over five tons, and they will bring a train weighing 400 tons, and travelling ten miles an hour, to rest in a space of 7ft.—the length of the stroke of their pistons.

COMMITTEE FELL THROUGH THE CEILING.

At a meeting of the Preston Guardians the chairman asked if the committee appointed to remedy the ventilation of the board-room had come to any decision.

"No, sir," was the reply. "We met and we fell through the ceiling. We haven't finally decided what to recommend, but we ought to have suits at the expense of the board."

STRAWBERRIES TOO CHEAP TO GATHER.

The strawberry season this year in Hampshire promises to be a record one. It is expected that the total output will be quite 1,500,000 baskets. So plentiful is the crop that, it is stated, many of the fruit will not be gathered, as it will not pay to pick them.

"ONLY BITES CYCLISTS."

When Joseph Clegg was summoned at Leeds for allowing a ferocious dog, which had bitten three persons, to be at large, he said, "It is only bicyclists that he bites. The dog is quite harmless at home."

The Bench said in that case he ought to have kept it there, and ordered the animal to be destroyed.

FATAL FLANNELETTE.

Flannelette nightgowns have caused the death of two more children—this time in Liverpool.

One child of three had his night-clothes set alight through his playing with a match. The other death was caused by a four-year-old child lighting a piece of paper at the fire, which set the flannelette it was clad in ablaze.

(For City Intelligence see page 13.)

NONE NEED BE FAT

WHAT 'ANTIPON' CAN DO.

"What is 'Antipon'?" is a question one often hears now; and it is as well that our stout readers should have a correct answer, instead of a misleading account of the newly-discovered fat-absorbent which has awakened so much interest in scientific and other circles.

"Antipon," in fact, is in many respects unique as a curative principle. In the first place it positively cures—radically and permanently cures—the distressing disease of obesity or abnormal fatness. It cures by the gradual absorption and elimination from the body of the useless and dangerous packing of fat that has formed round the internal organs, and also of the subcutaneous fat that has developed into what is vulgarly called a "corporation," into flabby cheeks and double chin, into gross and puffy limbs and massive hips. All this unnecessary, unhealthy, and ugly growth is destroyed and expelled from the system with surprising rapidity by "Antipon," with lifelong benefit to the user.

So rapid is the action of this wonderful cure that the quantity of superfluous adipose matter destroyed within a day and a night after taking the first dose amounts in weight to something between 8oz. and 3lb. This is the first result in quite ordinary instances of stoutness; in more pronounced cases the decrease will sometimes approach 4lb., as the inflexible weigh-machine test has proved. After the initial reduction the decrease is sure and steady. Day by day the scales will tell their tale of diminution until in an incredibly short space of time correct standard proportions of weight and measurement are the assured reward. The doses should then be discontinued. There is no further need for "Antipon," said the desired end has been attained, and the cure may be confidently regarded as lasting. During the course of cure it is quite needless to torture one's self with any unusual abstinence from the pleasures of the table, so long as ordinary prudence and temperance are the guides for rule. Of course, one must not, so to speak, feed the fat. No person of sense, under any kind of treatment, would indulge in fatty foods to excess. Apart from such rational precautions no hard and fast restrictions are required. "Antipon" does its beneficent work solely by itself and requires no dieting, no starvation, no sweating, purging, or other weakening process.

"Antipon," on the contrary, is of the greatest value as a tonic; it encourages and increases appetite, and the desire for wholesome food must be satisfied; for it is part of the work of this splendid medicine to promote the growth of new muscular tissue to compensate for the loss of bulk, to give renewed health and vigour in place of weakness and flabbiness, and to strengthen body, nerve, and brain. Think what a vital difference this exchange must make to one's well-being, energy, and vitality!

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health. Its ingredients are known to, and approved by, a number of medical men to whom they were originally submitted, and have received their unqualified approval and support.

Our stout friends may obtain "Antipon" of Chemists, stores, etc., in bottles price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d., from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, it may be had (on sending remittance) direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 33, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

It will be noticed that this is not an expensive "treatment," but a simple and admirable remedy within the reach of modest purses—still another appreciable advantage over other methods of fat reduction.

STRIKING TESTIMONY from GRATEFUL MEN AND WOMEN.

*The Original Testimonies carefully preserved as Proof of Genuineess.

December 31st, 1903.
"The Hon. Mr. B— would be much obliged by the 'Antipon' Company sending off to her one large bottle of 'Antipon.' It has certainly much reduced her. She feels so much lighter and better in consequence."
"A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—'I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fatest woman I ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles.'"

"ANTIPON" IN INDIA.

22nd February, 1904.
"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.
"Dear Sir—Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon.' When I started 'Antipon' I was 216 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (100 lbs.). I only weigh 116 lb. I now can take mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its
POWER OF REDUCING GRACEFULLY.

"For my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."
"Mrs. F. M. S—"

Bath, April 30th, 1903.
"Please dispatch 'myriad' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from leucæmia; it has been very distressing, and the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin."

(Mrs. G. L. L—)
"Antipon" is sold by Chemists, Stores, etc., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, in cases of disappointment, may be obtained, on sending amount, post free, privately packed, direct from the "Antipon" Company, 33, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Now that we have a war of our own on hand—and this morning's news from Tibet confirms the impression that we have a stiff thistle to grasp in that benighted land—we cannot give our undivided attention to the Russo-Japanese struggle. Yet, in spite of the slackness of recent news, and in spite, too, of the suspension of active operations in the north on account of the rainy season, there are likely to be exciting events coming across the cables before very many days are over.

The centre of interest is Port Arthur once more. With the relentless movement of some stupendous force of Nature, the Japanese troops have been getting nearer and nearer to the doomed fortress all these last few weeks, while we have been hearing so little of them. In Tokio they have, we have every reason to believe, fixed already on the actual date for the final effort which shall deliver it into Japanese hands.

The fall of this stronghold will be one of the greatest military events of modern times. The Russians had persuaded themselves, and half the world with them, that it could never be seriously menaced either from the land or from the sea. That calculation, like so many others, has broken down. It was based not on facts but on the flimsiest of supposition.

The hard-headed Japanese knew better than to build on sand. They laid the foundation of their plan of campaign upon the rock—the bed-rock of experience and common sense. That is why their movements develop with the regularity of a machine, while the Russians stumble hither and thither and are driven from pillar to post, never knowing what a day may bring forth.

And "Punch" is pretty right when he makes Madame Chrysanthemum explain the success of her army system by saying that it is the result of every Japanese "being ready to sacrifice himself for his country—and doing it." With a national spirit like that, success is bound to come.

Will Britain's sons, when her next trial draws nigh, be animated by such a spirit? Or are we, as Mr. George Meredith fears, "afraid of being called out and shot at"?

THE FITNESS OF THINGS!

When Earlswold Asylum was built the builders evidently "went the whole hog." They must have said to themselves, "This is to be an idiot asylum. We must build it on an idiot plan." And so they did, for they omitted to lay any foundations!

The amazing thing is that this should only just have been discovered. The state of things now, however, is so serious that disaster is feared unless a large sum of money is immediately spent, and the public are invited to subscribe this money without delay.

The King, having for the moment done all he can for Bart's, is lending his name to this appeal, and has given something towards the £30,000 required. What a laugh his Majesty must have had over the original builders' odd idea of the fitness of things.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"One of the most painful things to my mind, to be seen in England is this, that amongst the great body of those classes which earn their living by their daily labour, there is an absence of that hope which every man ought to have that there is for him, if he be industrious and frugal, a comfortable independence as he advances in life."—John Bright.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.



The rains in Southern Manchuria usually last for four weeks. During that period the rainfall is torrential with intermittent sunshine, and of such a character as to render any great military movement practically impossible. — (Telegram from the front.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

"Eton versus Harrow" at Lord's to-morrow, and the marked falling off in the concert advertisements mark another stage in the gradual decay of the season of 1904. To-morrow night's state ball will be the last of the great entertainments of the year, unless, indeed, the Prince and Princess of Wales should give a dance at Marlborough House. The theatres are beginning to close until the autumn and music is rapidly packing up its trunks. Soon after the King and Queen have left London on July 7 there will only be about five million people left in town.

Sir Trevor Lawrence, who, as Treasurer of Bart's, received the King yesterday afternoon, is famous as the possessor of the first known collection of orchids in the world. If Mr. Chamberlain only owned Sir Trevor's glasshouses near Burford Bridge, just under Box Hill, he would be comparatively happy, whatever happened to fiscal reform. Otherwise Sir Trevor is not remarkable. He is a typically respectable, rich Englishman who has sat in Parliament, and that is all.

A far more interesting personality is that of Sir William Treloar, who also helped to do the honours at Bart's. He is not exactly a self-made man, for he began life with a fairly prosperous father instead of the proverbial half-crown. But he has made himself very much liked and respected by all sorts of good deeds. He is especially fond of making children happy. His crissie children's Christmas hampers have become an institution for which thousands of poor little creatures bless his name every year.

In stature he towers above all his fellow aldermen of the City, and his features are so striking that Queen Victoria once singled him out at a Jubilee function as "that handsome man," whom she wished to be presented to her. He can tell a rare good story and make a capital speech, and he is always fighting the battle of progress in some direction or another, whether it be for a sensible Sunday or for the widening of City streets. His carpet shop on Ludgate Hill is as well known as St. Paul's.

Lord Northampton is not the kind of landlord who gives his tenants a garden-party (as he did yesterday in Regent's Park) in order to prevent them from asking him to do necessary repairs. He is a model property owner in all ways, and his district in Clerkenwell is as well looked after as any in London. He employs women as rent collectors, and their duties include reporting to him any cases in which help is needed. Nor is it ever needed without being given so far as his means permit. He is one of the best of peers.

Will Crooks, M.P. (he doesn't care about the "Mr."), who is so much excited about the "gagging" of the House over the Licensing Bill, has very strong views about public-houses. He calls the publican the poor man's worst enemy; and he has been a very poor man, so he knows. He began life in a workhouse school, where he was "always hungry," and every inch of the way to his present position has been won by his own unaided exertions.

Naturally he is a man impatient of all shams and absurdities, among which he classes Court dress, as well as the Parliamentary guffaw. When he was Mayor of Poplar he did not attend the King's reception of the London mayors because

he had no Court suit, and "would not wear a hire dress for anything." What he generally wears is with unconscious irony described as a "lounge suit." Will Crooks has done many things in his life, but no one ever yet saw him lounge.

Fact has justified Fiction again, then. Mrs. Lyttelton can now produce a police report as evidence of the accuracy of "Warp and Wool." But her play is still open to one objection. I am told by an authority that "fitters" would never be on such terms of familiarity with work-girls as Mrs. Lyttelton supposes. Nor would the same "fitter" be in the least likely to fit both a bodice and a skirt. "Fitters" are, in fact, most important people, and their opinion of Mrs. Lyttelton is not high.

There are two kinds of guide books. The one kind tells you merely certain things that are useful, such as the fact that at a certain hotel you can get a room for five shillings, or that in a certain museum there is a particular kind of mummy to be seen. The other kind gossips pleasantly, but leaves you uninformed on points of this kind.

Almost the only guide I have ever seen which is both good reading and a useful storehouse of hard fact is Mr. C. E. Pascoe's "London of To-day" (Jarrold, 1s. net). It really is a "book," which other guides are not. You might sit and read it through and feel that you had spent a pleasant hour or so. As for its value to the stranger—well, if I knew nothing at all about London, I should feel quite safe with this. Whether I had much or little money to spend, Mr. Pascoe would certainly help me to spend it to the best advantage.

"The old order changes" even at Goodwood. For many years this delightful fixture, which comes right at the close of the season, has been more like a garden-party than a race-meeting. Now the new Duke of Richmond is doing what he can to give it importance again as a Turf event. All sorts of changes have been made under the direction of the Mr. Davis, who is largely responsible for the popularity of Hurst Park. Everyone who cares about Goodwood is hoping that it will never be anything like the Thames-side meeting.

The Duke of Richmond is a man who is seen about very little. He has had rather a sad life. He married twice, both times for love, and each of his wives died after a few years of happy married life. This has naturally left its mark upon his nature. His handsome, soldier's face has a sad expression (though he would hate you to notice it), and when he went to South Africa in command of a Militia regiment he would not have been sorry to end his life on a battlefield. He is devoted to his daughters, though, and in the end was very glad to come home safe and sound.

No musical entertainment given or patronised by society is complete nowadays without Mr. London Ronald, who has just given one of the most successful concerts of the year. By terrific energy he has pushed himself into the very front of the army of musicians, and he means to stay there. When he was young he confided to his mother that he meant to be a composer, a conductor, and a musical critic. She explained that he must wait till he was grey-haired for the first, and that he was at least forty for the second, and that as for being a critic, that meant starvation. Yet in his thirty-second year he is already well known in all three capacities.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Hero of "Gentlemen v. Players."

Only once before have a couple of centuries been made by one batsman in a Gentlemen and Players match. R. E. Foster once got 102 not out and 136. King has come very close to this with his 104 and 109 not out.

The Leicestershire professional's success was thoroughly well deserved, for it is due to sheer hard work and determination. Everything King does, he does as well as ever he can. He is not a brilliant bat, but he plays a sound game, and when he hits, he hits hard.

In the same way his bowling (he both bats and bowls left-handed) has nothing very remarkable about it. He gets wickets by steadiness and persistence in sending down moderately good balls. He fields keenly in the slips. In fact, he plays cricket with his head as well as his hands.

It was a piece of luck that got him into the Players' team. When Tyldesley fell ill, a fresh man had to be got at short notice. King, as a member of the ground staff at Lord's, was on the spot, and they commandeered him.

He has more than justified his selection. He has won his place in the front rank of first-class cricketers. He will not talk much about it, for he is a silent man, and has sometimes even been called surly. But he feels very pleased about it "inside," for a keen and conscientious cricketer never undervalues the joy of showing what he can do when he gets a chance.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Cannot Mr. Pigott Be Arrested for Blasphemy in Declaring Himself To Be Jesus Christ?

He certainly might be proceeded against under this head, but it is a little doubtful whether a conviction could be secured.

If he preached his doctrine in a public place he would no doubt be charged with being a nuisance and using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

But so long as he confines himself to private services it is difficult for any action to be taken which would not merely have the effect of giving him an advertisement.

He cannot even be shut up in a lunatic asylum, where he obviously ought to be, unless his relatives proceed in the matter, or he creates a disturbance in public.

SPECIAL.

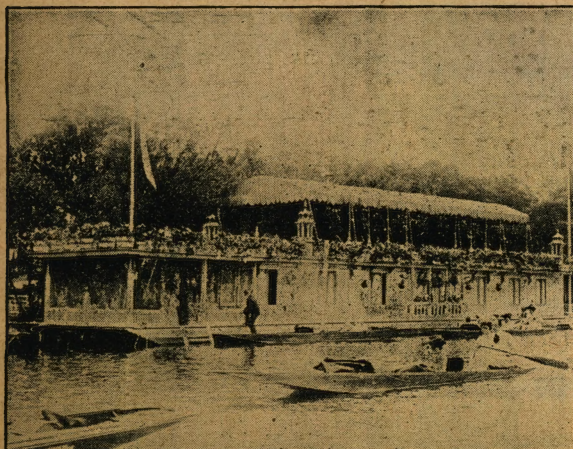
St. Petersburg, via Sandwich, Greenwich, and Timbuctoo, June 10.—Popular feeling is at fever-heat because of the cowardly Japanese in no uncertain terms to Admiral Trolleyoff's fleet. Advances from Port Arthur are that the Russians were asleep when attacked, and no warning whatever had been sent them of the enemy's intentions.

A Russian general has written a letter home, in which he rebukes the Japanese in no uncertain terms for their cruelty in making attacks upon the Russians while the latter are not looking.—"Life" (American).

A PASSING TROUBLE.

It is suggested in a contemporary that the windows of the poor should be provided with bars to prevent children falling into the street. As the writer points out, it does the children no good, and only annoys passers-by.—"Vanity Fair" (London).

DECORATED HOUSEBOAT AT HENLEY.



The Cigarette, a charmingly-decorated houseboat causing admiration at Henley. It is owned by Mr. L. Stivents, and is one of the prettiest houseboats to be seen at the famous regatta.

PECKHAM'S FAT BOY AS A RUNNER.



At the Music-hall Sports on Tuesday at Herne Hill a novel race was witnessed between the famous Fat Boy of Peckham and his companion, Little Dando. Our photograph depicts the finish of the contest, the Fat Boy proving an easy winner.

POETESS OF THE YEAR.



Mdlle. Marthe Dupuy, who has carried off the annual prize endowed by M. Sully Prudhomme for the best work in verse of the year. Mdlle. Dupuy's verses were entitled "Idylle en Fleurs."

MARRIED TO-DAY.



The Hon. Violet Monckton, who marries Captain Skeffington Smyth to-day.



Captain Skeffington Smyth, who marries Hon. Violet Monckton to-day. (Photograph by Lafayette.)

ON THE WAY TO LHASSA



A useful map, showing the position of the British forces in Gyantse, which was yesterday stormed and taken, is shown roads leading to the forbidden city of Lhasa, to which husband will now fight his way.

KING AND QUEEN ON



Yesterday their Majesties laid the foundation stone

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S UNIQUE INNOVATION. HE WILL APPEAR IN FOUR PIECES AT HIS MAJESTY



To-night at His Majesty's Theatre Mr. Tree will produce a revue of the whole season, including one act of "The Darling of the Gods." Above photograph shows Mr. Tree in that famous play. (Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)



There will also be the Westminster Hall scene from "Richard II." with Mr. Tree as Richard. The famous actor is seen in that character in above photograph. (Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.)



Two short scenes from "Twelfth Night" will also produced, in which Miss Viola Tree will again appear as Viola, and Mr. Tree as Malvolio, in which character he is depicted above.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A striking photograph of General Booth, addressing the Salvationists at the Crystal Palace. Over 100,000 Salvationists and their friends visited the Palace on Tuesday and took part in the various demonstrations organised by the Salvation Army.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM TIBET.



The beast of burden in Tibet is the yak. A well-known traveller once described it as "a cross between a buffalo and an ox." The above photograph, just to hand from Tuna, in Tibet, shows one of these curious animals taking his first lesson in harness. Until it is broken to the saddle the yak has to be handled very cautiously. The one shown in our picture gored a Tibetan prisoner badly shortly after our photograph was taken.



The second stage in breaking a yak to harness. Training the animal to draw an ekka, the conveyance of Tibet.



The yak as a pack animal. Many hundreds of these animals were purchased by the British Mission to convey stores. A peculiar kind of foot-and-mouth disease broke out amongst them, giving the authorities considerable trouble and anxiety.



A striking photograph of a British encampment in Tibet. Notice the tents on the left and a number of ponies on the right. These latter have thirteen miles of very hilly and dangerous roads to traverse every day. They are, however, working uncommonly well.

THIER WAY TO BART'S.



of the new wing at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Y'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT.



Mr. Tree in "The Man who Wae," a scene of which will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre to-night, after which Mr. Tree is expected to make a special announcement.—(Photograph by F. W. Binford.)



Miss Edith Nevillo, winner of the first prize in the "Pelican" competition, "Who is the Smartest Lady this Season?"—(Photo, Ellis and Walery.)



The famous Leicester cricketer, Knight, who was seriously injured on Tuesday. His left hand was smashed, one bone being broken.

IDEAL SUMMER TOILETTES AT HENLEY REGATTA.

FASHION ON THE RIVER.

A PERFECT DAY FOR THE GREAT THAMES FETE.

Yesterday a bright sun and a gentle breeze made weather that was absolutely perfect for Henley, and as a consequence the club lawns, houseboats, and every point of vantage were ablaze with beautifully-dressed women and coolly-attired men in summer flannels and holiday headgear.

Linon and muslin gowns were, of course, in the ascendant; nothing is more suitable for an aquatic fête than at least a semblance of simplicity, and this the so-called washing dresses provide.

One lovely gown that was sketched there is illustrated on this page. It was made of the palest straw-coloured batiste, embellished with broderie Anglaise carried out in light blue. Folds of orange taffetas were arranged beneath the fronts of the blouse, and the same material formed the girdle, which was threaded through a dull gold buckle in front. The Leghorn hat matched the toilette precisely in tint, and was trimmed with apricot-coloured roses and pale aurea strings.

Pictureque Morland Hats.

The most effective millinery was decidedly that of the Morland type, with the tall crown and the flopping brim in which that painter loved to delineate his sitters. We seem already to have departed quite a measurable distance from the mushroom hat, which was, however, well to the fore at Henley yesterday, and looked extremely picturesque with a simple trimming of tulle or ribbon ruching and strings to match. Every hat to which a soft ruffle could be given as a lining to the brim had one; there is certainly much to praise in the revival of this quaint fashion, which exercises a most softening influence over a pretty face.

The prevalent colours were palest pink and blue, a fresh green and a delicate mauve. All the uncommon and æsthetic colours, such as ashes of roses, puce, and onion, are less appropriate at a sylvan fête than the primitive ones that prevailed.

The Vogue in Vests.

One of the keystones of the present modes is decidedly the waistcoat, even with the linen toilettes, for upon it depends much of the smartness of the most modern frock. The waistcoat may be quite a simulated affair attached to the Eton coat or blouse, or it may be a separate garment, sleeveless, of course, after the manner of its masculine prototype. The simulated waistcoat is merely a border or edge extending beyond that of the coat, but it is a highly important detail.

Mustard yellow, which is one of this season's favourite colours, was seen at Henley, introduced into the hyacinth and porcelain blue suits, and shades of rose, champagne tints, and the tones known as coral appeared as the relief of white frocks.

Plain waistcoats of duck and piqué made a smart addition to the white serge costumes that were a little less fairy-like in appearance than the majority of toilettes. The latest little coat model, which is full on the shoulders, has its fronts bordered by bands of black satin which cross and end at the back of the neck. The coat fronts when at the back almost all the waistcoat, but when opened the vest is found to be a satin affair, often black embroidered, in all the shades of cornflower blue with an admixture of bright gold threads.

An Increase in the Size of Sleeves.

The very full sleeves of the moment were well in evidence. They end half-way between the elbow and wrist with a stiff little lace frill, the successor of the cascade of lace, and, in those cases in which a figure waistcoat is worn, from this point to the wrist a plain cuff of piqué appears, fastening like a shirt cuff with link buttons. A very short basque is given to many of the little coat bodices, and a belt of white kid striped with colour is employed to keep the back in place, while it slips unobtrusively under the loose fronts and there is fastened.

Fashion's dictate that a white girdle shall be worn by every woman who can assume it with credit to her appearance was made patent at Henley. The best ones are so well shaped that they can often be adapted even by robust wearers, as they curve properly and give the waist its proper hinge. But it is the slight girl who naturally delights in the high corset, which is effective and

comfortable whether made of taffetas of the plain, blossomed, or shot kind, or of soft leather.

On the houseboats in the cool of the evening the new Granny shawls are worn. They are made in every colour and in almost any material, such as crêpe, silk, or even old-world looking cashmere. The typical Granny shawl is perfectly square. It must be folded so that the point comes down in the middle of the back, and it is thrown over the shoulders and fastened upon the centre of the corsage. It should be secured with a big old-fashioned cameo brooch, for this is the smart fastening for it. There are other ways, however, of wearing the shawl which the ingenuity of individual girls suggests.



A lovely frock of linon de soie, the colour champagne yellow, is depicted here, decorated with eyelet hole embroidery executed in pale blue silk.

CHILDREN AND THE CRAB RACE.

A dry land crab race is a very amusing game for the little ones, and is played in this manner:—A starter and an umpire are needed for the crab race, which should be run on soft green turf. Ten yards or thirty feet is quite long enough for it. The racers kneel down on all fours and form in line at the starting point, with their backs towards the winning post. At the signal of they go, each one crawling backwards.

The race is not always to the swift. It is not at all easy to keep in a straight line, and every time a racer turns to look over his shoulder he loses time and ground. There will be collisions, bumps, and all sorts of little mishaps, which will thoroughly amuse the spectators and the children, too.

Though a lawn is not very hard upon stockings, tonic, being worn who socks are mostly encouraged by their nurses to enter for this race, and young Jack Tars in immaculate white ducks are advised to refrain from the contest.

WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

HOW TO ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THE EYES.

The beauty of the eyes depends upon several details, the most conspicuous of which is probably size. "How can I make my eyes larger?" is a question that is frequently asked. To make the eyes larger seems an almost impossible task, yet it can be done. People who are thin often appear

sult in a very severe headache. Take care of the eyes if you want to look lovely.

If the eyelashes are too short, don't cut them in the hope of increasing their growth. The plan succeeds with children sometimes, but not with adults. Bathe the eyes in boric acid, keep the lids healthy, and the lashes will take care of themselves. As for the eyebrows, they can and must be trained. Take a little of the best almond oil and put it into a bottle, and the bottle in a cup of boiling water, and when the almond oil has become warm all the way through apply a little of it to the eyebrows.

The Beauty of the Brows.

Numbers of people have imperfect eyebrows; they are either too thin or too thick. They are so scanty that they cannot be seen, or they beetle the eyes and look scowling and menacing. To train the eyebrows is somewhat of a task. Take a little red vaseline and melt it over hot water. Now procure a tiny camel's hair brush and dip it in the soft red vaseline. Apply this to the eyebrows with much care, painting them, so to speak, and making a pretty curve. Do not try to go over the whole eyebrow at once, but treat it gently as one would paint a picture. This can be easily done with the aid of a slender brush.

There are eyes that would be pretty were they not ruined by puffiness beneath them. This is the result of a disordered system, and can often be dissipated by copious draughts of pure cold water. Eye puffiness comes also from sleeping too much and in a room that is badly ventilated. Weeping eyes are dreadful; if there is an obstruction of the tear duct, the eyes will weep or run. They should be looked at by an oculist, who will clear the tear duct of obstacles and probably prescribe glasses.

Near-sighted people usually frown. The only remedy is glasses. But if the frown is merely a habit, it can be cured by a little perseverance. Look in the glass and see if you frown. If there is a scowl on your face remove it, and see how different you look without it. Learn to control your eyes; that is the greatest step that can be taken towards a beautiful expression.

CORK FURNITURE.

To furnish a doll's-house collect as many corks and bungs as you can and get a few ounces of coloured beads, all one size, with two or three dozen big ones, a packet of pins, and a small skein of wool. Slice up the corks crossways to make the seats of the chairs and the table tops. The bungs will do for the sofa seats.

Slip half-a-dozen of the beads on a pin, putting a big one on first of all, and dig the points into the slices of cork to make the chair legs. The chair and sofa backs are made with plain pins, and the wool laces across them from side to side. If the furniture is to be very grand, paint the cork with enamel or gild it.

AN OBSERVING MOTHER

Learns the Value of a Good Food.

Not many people realise the rebuilding power of a good food.

A grateful mother living in Saxmundham, Suffolk, writes:—

"When my little girl was twenty-one months old she was a helpless, ailing little mite, always fretful and weak, and for three weeks I quite despaired of her living. I doctored her for a month, and then the doctor told me to give her all the nourishing things I could, including red gravy, cod-liver oil, and meat extract, but I could not get her to retain anything. I tried several well-known infants' foods and oat flours, but nothing suited her till I tried Grape-Nuts. I simply poured boiling water on the Grape-Nuts and strained it, and fed her with that, and now she eats the Grape-Nuts with the new milk in the proper way; and I can truthfully say that Grape-Nuts and nothing else has been the means of getting her on. She is never sick, her bowels act properly, and her teeth are coming through with less trouble. Both myself and my husband feel truly grateful to see the improvement in her, and we will do all we can to recommend Grape-Nuts."

Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Many mothers with sick babies have discovered that the warm water poured over Grape-Nuts carries with it a volume of nourishment; in reality it is the grape sugar washed off each little granule of the food, and is a most remarkable form of nourishment. Of course, adults eat the food entire with cream or milk.

THE LAVENDER COLLAR.

No bulging at the throat. Sets perfectly (permanently) throwing tie off to the best possible advantage. Made in all sizes. Depth 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, and 26 in. Suitable collar 7d. Including our new Illustrated Price List, post free, or half-dozen, 3s. carriage paid. These are not the cheap, nasty collars, but a genuine article at a fair price. Lavender Hill, Chatham, London, S.W.

W. O. RILEY

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hues, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. 6d. per tin. Bottles or tins. 1s. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents).—Icilmia Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumière and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

CHIC SPECIALITIES.

HATS . . 1 to 3 Guineas.

BLOUSES . 2 to 5 Guineas.

COSTUMES 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference. Country orders under £25 cash with order.

FASHIONS IN ROSES.

Eau de Nil Coloured Specimen
the Attraction at Temple
Gardens.

Thousands of roses shed sweet fragrance in Temple Gardens yesterday. In spacious marquees erected on the beautiful lawns running down to the Embankment the National Rose Society held their annual exhibition.

Roses of every conceivable hue, the most delicate shades and tints, were to be seen, every flower of a charm of colour peculiarly its own, old and new favourites mixed together and blended their perfumes and tints.

A new rose to many people was the Maman-lochet. It was to be found as a delicate lemon-yellow, and in a variety of different shades from

white to palest pink. The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, a sturdy pure-white rose with a delicious fragrance, and Mrs. Crawford were other beautiful new varieties.

There were old-fashioned cabbage roses, little simple briars of every colour, and masses of crimson ramblers, some trailing over rustic arches.

A green rose, almost eau de nil in colour—"Just the colour of my new hat," as an enthusiastic lady visitor exclaimed, amidst a torrent of admiring adjectives—and a deep crimson rose, so covered with velvety bloom as to look almost black in its hue, were two of the attractions of the show.

Dinner-table Decorations.

In the principal tents several dinner-tables decorated with roses gave hints to prospective hostesses; and the glittering array of silver cups offered as prizes sent many would-be rose growers away full of plans for next year, when they, too, would exhibit.

It was possible to buy roses, for nearly every exhibitor had brought a big box of blossoms with him, and every lady went away with a buttonhole.

The band of the 1st Life Guards played during the afternoon, and tea and strawberries were served at small tables under the trees, so, after a turn round the tents, most people stayed chatting to their friends in the charming gardens.

FIVEPENNY RABBITS.

Smithfield Overwhelmed with Great
Quantities from Australia.

Smithfield Meat Market swarms with Australian rabbits. The number is so great that instead of costing sevenpence or more they can be bought on an average for less than fivepence.

The cause of the glut is the crusade undertaken by the Australian Government against these animals. It has been found necessary to put on a large number of men at £1 a week and their board, simply to capture them. Otherwise the crops would be ruined.

The method of killing them is to snare them in nets, and then pinch them across the back. Some-

times a single haul on an acre of land will yield more than 1,000.

"They are sent over here in cold storage, and for the last ten days the Liverpool docks, where they are landed, have been simply littered with them."

ADVERTISEMENTS IN TUNE.

A correspondent in the "Tatler" suggests "that a tuneless part song sung by four really good voices in the streets of London would form a most effective method of advertising."

A *Mirror* representative was unable yesterday to find any advertisement manager who shared this belief.

"Singing in the streets would be of absolutely no use," said the head of one of the most important agencies, "unless we could get some of the queens of song or a De Reszke to accept our terms, which I am afraid is not very probable."

"We have had offers from music-hall singers, but we have closed with none, as no manager would allow songs of such a character to be sung."

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXI. A Crisis At Hand.

"Wedding cards!" Margaret spoke with a little start of surprise. She and her husband had finished lunch, and were sitting in a sunny corner of the lawn, Margaret leaning back luxuriously in a large wicker chair, her head comfortably propped against a pile of soft cushions. She wore a stole of white marabout thrown over her shoulders, the soft white feathers blending charmingly with her grey frock.

The Premier was in another wicker chair, and he had the air of a man lazily bent on enjoying himself. A magazine lay on the grass by his side, also a pile of the weekly illustrated papers, and he was puffing slowly at a cigar.

"Whose wedding cards?" asked Robert Chevenix, smiling. "Weddings seem in the air; but why do you look so surprised, Margaret? You mustn't get such a nervous, worried expression." He took the cards from her hand as he spoke, and glanced carelessly at them, adding, with a slight laugh as he handed her the silver-edged pasteboards back again, "So the little widow has married Colonel Grimwood? Beatrix took her up, I remember, and made rather a fuss over her. Clever chap, Grimwood; yes, they thought well of him in India, and he owns a nice estate. Mrs. Blandford has done a good thing in marrying him."

Margaret Chevenix hardly heeded her husband's words. She was still staring blankly at the card she held in her hand. So Amy Blandford had trusted herself blindly to fate and circumstance and had married Julian Grimwood, she knowing full well that her husband was alive.

What would Paul Carew do if he ever found out the truth, and what sort of vengeance would fall on Amy?

Margaret awoke from these reflections with a start, to notice that Robert Chevenix was looking hard at her. He also had received a letter, and apparently the perusal had pleased him, for a smile lingered on his lips.

"Now that you have come back to the world of present things," he remarked, half jokingly, "and can condescend to pay me some attention, I will tell you my news. I have heard from my daughter, and she tells me that Mr. Heron made a big speech at Chelmsford on behalf of our candidate. He is going to do good work, that son-in-law of mine; I feel confident of that, quite confident."

"Yes," repeated Margaret, rather absent-mindedly, for her quick ear had caught the sound of carriage wheels, at which she bent forward and put her hand a little nervously on her husband's arm. "I said 'out' to all visitors; you don't mind, do you, Robert; somehow I dare not see people?"

"There is one person you will have to see this afternoon, all the same," he replied with some decision, taking her nervous, trembling hand in his, "and that individual is Dr. Seton. I sent one of the grooms over to his house with a note this morning, asking the doctor to come round after lunch, and I expect those are the wheels of his carriage that we hear now."

"I hate doctors," replied Margaret, with a touch of irritation in her manner; "they never did me much good, and they won't now; besides, I have nothing worse than a bad cough to complain of." She made a feeble attempt at smiling cheerfully, and then added quickly, "I shall get stronger as I get happier; indeed, Robert, I feel better already."

"And a good tonic will quite pick you up," he went on, with fine masculine assurance; "Dr. Seton is a clever man and has nothing of the quack or the humbug about him; you are bound to like him." As the Premier spoke the footman came down the path, and explained that Dr. Seton had arrived and was waiting in the morning-room to see Mrs. Chevenix.

Margaret rose to her feet with a little shrug of the shoulders. She had been just a little wifely in the old days, and it seemed as if happiness might revive a touch of waywardness in her nature now.

"Shall I come with you, or would you rather see the man alone?" asked Robert Chevenix. He gazed at Margaret with some admiration, for she was looking particularly pretty at the moment, and the sunbeams flickered caressingly over her hair and dress.

"Oh! I would rather talk to him alone, please," she replied nervously, clasping and unclasping her hands, and then, as though summoning up her courage, she made a brisk movement forwards, taking her swift way across the lawn.

Robert Chevenix followed her with his eyes till she disappeared into the house. He did not feel very uneasy over the forthcoming interview between his wife and the doctor; true, Margaret had got into a low, nervous state, but small wonder, poor little woman—small wonder!

He dismissed the subject from his mind and picked up Beatrix's letter again, reading it carefully through. Beatrix was a clever letter-writer; indeed, the lost art of letter-writing seemed to revive again in her, and her letters were witty and distinctive. She was good at vivid word pictures, could express a great deal in a single phrase, and she enjoyed writing to her father, for he generally understood her moods and grasped her humour from her epistles. "How happy she is, how passionately and magnificently happy," murmured the man to himself, "the letter is alive with joy."

The pigeons were cooing to each other in the woods surrounding the house, and the peaceful expression of their innocent loves chimed in with the mild language of the hot spring afternoon. A bee made a heavy buzz as it flew from flower to flower, whilst the sun threw long shadows over the grass, bright bands of entangled light.

The Premier sank into a drowsy state. He had not been so lazy for a long time, or allowed himself to drift gently through an idle hour. He was generally his own taskmaster, and a peculiarly hard one, but now, for once in a way, he was content to be a lotus eater, ready to think gratefully of a land in which it seemed always afternoon.

All at once he roused himself to erect attention. He heard the sound of quick footsteps crossing the lawn; evidently Doctor Seton was coming to tell him the result of his interview with Margaret.

Robert Chevenix straightened his back as the man does who has nearly been caught napping, and then rose to greet the neat little man who advanced sharply to meet him.

The two shook hands, the Premier making some careless remark about the weather and the beauty of the spring flowers, whilst the other replied in the same vein, and then fell silent.

"You've seen Mrs. Chevenix?" inquired Robert Chevenix at last, wondering a little why the other did not speak. "I asked you to drive over here, Seton, because she seemed so weak and nervous this morning."

"You did well," replied the other, "but I am afraid Mrs. Chevenix is more ill than you suppose. She has a very nasty cough, and there is some lung trouble, and, altogether, I am very uneasy about her health. Then, again, she seems very much depressed. I presume that she has no cause to be so troubled or distressed?" The little doctor twisted the ends of his sharp moustache; he was obviously ill at ease and worried over his patient.

"My wife has been much worried about a relation she loved," the Premier guardedly, "but what you have told me about her health comes as a great shock," he added slowly, "a very great shock indeed."

"Her condition has largely been brought about by mental trouble," continued the doctor; "but, hush, not a word more. Mrs. Chevenix is crossing the lawn now. I will come round to-morrow and have a talk with you about her."

Robert Chevenix, without speaking a word, let him go. He understood the reason why Margaret was so depressed, and his heart smote him, and yet he felt powerless to help her. He could not tell the woman he loved her; yet that was what the poor soul was thirsting to hear; she was doubtless being consumed in the flame of her own passion.

"Has Doctor Seton been telling you about my health?" Margaret asked, coming up to the Premier, and glancing at him with a peculiar smile playing on her white face. "He has been talking very seriously to me," she went on slowly, "just as if it mattered."

"It does matter," answered Robert Chevenix calmly, "it matters a great deal. It appears that you are not as strong as I thought you were, Margaret, and you must take more care of yourself."

"For what purpose?" her voice grew very scornful. "Do you think I have any desire to lengthen my days? I feel utterly miserable, and I have no wish to live—what is the good of my life to me?" and she asked the question very bitterly.

The Premier hesitated for a second. He hardly knew what to say or do. He desired, above all things, to comfort the unhappy woman, and yet he dared not deceive her with false words—dared not act the lover's part.

"Don't you think you mean something to me, Margaret?" he ventured at last; "will you not desire to live for my sake?"

"For your sake," she repeated his words in a warm whisper, and then gazed hard and searchingly at him. "Do you mean what you say, Robert?" she asked nervously. "Your face looks so cold and

stern all the time. Oh, you are so utterly different from the Robert Chevenix who loved me; you hardly seem the same man."

"What nonsense," interrupted the Premier hastily, "a man cannot keep his youth for ever. Try and be reasonable, Margaret, and accept things as they are. I do love you," he blundered the words out, convinced that he must say something to avert her dawning suspicion.

"You love me—say the words again, Robert, say them as if you meant them," she implored him passionately. "Darling, is it possible that life holds an Indian summer for us, after all?"

"An Indian summer," he replied stupidly, dazzled by her flashing eyes and the change that had come over her face; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know what I mean, Robert?" she replied, with a faint touch of impatience. "Why parry the question?" She laughed half hysterically, and went on, "You may send that little doctor away when he comes here to-morrow, for I shall not need any of his medicine. You will be my doctor; your love is all the medicine I want. Why, if I were on my deathbed, Robert, I believe I should get up and come to you, if you called me." A fit of coughing interrupted her. "This wretched cough," she muttered fretfully; "but I shall lose it now I am going to be so happy."

"Not if you linger in the garden when the dew is falling," cried the Premier, stooping down and touching the turf with his hand. "Why, the grass is quite wet," he exclaimed, "and you are standing here in your thin house-shoes! Go in at once, Margaret, and do not play such pranks with your health again."

She laughed low and happily. "Oh! what a martinet you are getting, but I will be an obedient wife and obey your commands." She turned to cross the lawn, and then paused, looking at him shyly. "Let us talk of old times to-night, Robert," she said softly, "and won't you call me by my pet name? It would be so delightful to hear the name again."

"Your pet name?" The man bit his lip and gazed at Margaret stupidly, for in truth he hardly knew what to say. He was not in the least prepared for such a question.

"Have you forgotten it? Why, no—no—that would be impossible."

"Why should it be impossible?" asked the Premier nervously; "I have always thought of you as 'Margaret.' Pet names are rather foolish, and I don't like them."

"But you cannot have forgotten—you are only teasing me," cried Margaret after a long pause. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Robert, call me by the name again."

"Do not be so childish!" the Premier answered with a frown, "and, as I said before, Margaret, step off the damp grass."

"Bother the damp grass," she replied impatiently, "and if you have forgotten the name you were once so fond of, the name you gave me yourself, for the matter of that," her voice had grown shrill and high, "why, when you dress for dinner this evening, look at the word tattooed on your arm—just above the elbow." She stared hard at the Premier as she spoke, and he felt that the woman had her doubts—and now how was he to satisfy her?

(To be continued to-morrow.)

CLEAN CLOTHES

Fels-Naptha soap washes clothes whiter, makes the colour run less, shrinks wool less than any other soap in the world.

No copper fire; very little rubbing—half the labour of washday saved and half the wear on the clothes.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilton street London E C

SALVATIONIST LAND OF PROMISE.

General Booth Considering the Purchase of a Tropical Island with 30,000 Buffaloes.

The Salvation Army Congress is responsible, among other things, for directing public attention to what is possibly the largest buffalo-shoot now in existence.

When General Booth announced that he had been offered, on reasonable terms, an island more than a million acres in extent, and containing at least 30,000 head of buffalo, his followers were at once interested and mystified. Probably few of them have ever heard of Melville Island. It is a low-lying piece of land, seventy miles long and thirty miles broad, situated off the northern coast of Australia, with its yellow sands washed by the warm, lazy waters of Van Diemen's Gulf.

The island has a curious history, as such places go. For many years it was leased by Mr. A. O.

belt, in which are stuck a strong knife and a revolver.

When a herd of buffalo is sighted, the shooter rides for them as hard and as straight as his horse will take him. A good buffalo horse will steer his own course, keeping the quarry in sight and avoiding pitfalls and obstacles by a miraculous instinct. The shooters say there are not many good buffalo horses. Only one horse in a dozen makes a good stock-horse, and only one stock-horse in twenty makes a decent buffalo horse.

When a buffalo horse has been "made," he is like a good polo pony in one respect; he knows just when to hang back and when to crack on every ounce of pace he can muster. In swampy ground he keeps his distance from the herd, for there the large flat hoofs of the buffalo give them the advantage. They can turn sharply where the best horse will flounder hopelessly, and the one

breeding ground, for swamp-buffalo, is exactly suitable in every respect for a Salvation Army labour colony.

The climate is certainly a tropical one. There are two seasons—a rainy and a dry one—but throughout the year the island is baked in the direct rays of a scorching sun. Part of it is dismal swamp, and a good deal more is covered with impenetrable scrub.

It also produces a brand of mosquito of a blood-capacity so extraordinary as to become notorious throughout a continent where every insect bites—and most of them bite hard. Even the hardened buffalo-shooters pass their days, when not in the saddle, in an atmosphere of the acid smoke from burning buffalo-dung. In the night-time they sleep in gauze-netting boxes, that are not unlike large meat-safes.

MOSQUITOLAND.

On the other hand, the island produces countless good things. Its waters teem with fine fish and turtle, and it has a valuable fishery for trepan or sea cucumber, the bêche-de-mer of commerce. Among the many luscious tropical fruits that grow in wild profusion is the "Eugene apple," a stoneless plum that is not unlike a very fine persimmon.

And there are always the buffalo. Salvationists are proverbially versatile, and among the slouch-hatted, befringed westerners recently seen in the Strand there was probably more than one daring



Scene on Melville Island, which General Booth has had offered to him on reasonable terms, and which he may purchase to establish a Salvation Army Colony there. Over 30,000 buffaloes are said to roam over it, and above we show a sketch made from a photograph of one of the biggest buffaloes ever shot on this island.

Robinson, of Port Darwin, famed throughout the Northern Territory as Australia's "Buffalo Bill." Mr. Robinson started life as a buffalo-shooter, and is now credited with being among the wealthiest men in Northern Australia.

It was his whim for many years to allow the great swamp-buffalo to have the run of Melville Island without molestation. No shooting could have been more strictly preserved than this. As a result, when the embargo was removed it was estimated that there were quite 50,000 buffalo on the island. These numbers have since been considerably reduced by the shooters.

DARING GALLOPS.

Nearly every daring rider and adventurous spirit in Northern Australia has, at some time in his career, tried his hands at buffalo-shooting. But the men who have been able to make it pay are few in number; perhaps not more than a dozen in all.

The reason is not difficult to discover. The Australian buffalo-shooter must run risks and encounter dangers that completely eclipse all the most hair-raising adventures of the heroes of Fenimore Cooper.

His mad gallop after the flying herd is not urged over the level surface of the grassy prairie. He must spur his stock-horse through scrub and swamp, over precipitous mountain ranges, and down winding gullies, with eyes for his quarry alone. He must risk his neck a dozen times a day.

He goes out in the morning with his band of black "boys," every one of them a hard rider and a lynx-eyed tracker. These boys ride light, their sole garment in many instances being a leather

encounter with the needle-points of those long, curving horns is generally sufficient.

But when the horse hears the ground ringing to his hoof-beats he carries the shooter right up to the withers of the beast they have singled out. As soon as the rifle—a shortened Martini or Snider—is touching the brute's heaving back, a bullet is sent crashing through its spinal column, and horse and man gallop on, leaving the dispatch to be performed by the "boys," who follow in the shooter's tracks. These soon strip off hide and horns, loading them upon the pack-horses they have with them.

Meantime, the clever horse has made another dash, and a second great dun-coloured beast is lying on the ground in its death agony. The performance is repeated until the herd finds shelter in some piece of country impenetrable even to this daring combination of horse and man. Sometimes as many as a dozen buffalo will fall to the shooter in one "run."

HORNS AND HIDE.

The value of each animal is something considerable. The hide is worth anything from 5s. to a sovereign, according to its size and thickness. A really good pair of horns may fetch 25s, and instances have been known of 420 being paid for an exceptionally fine pair.

Where practicable the beef is salted, and much of it finds its way to the pearling station of Thursday Island, and even as far as Japan, where it masquerades as "best Australian corned beef."

Such is the industry that has been chiefly associated with the island that is now offered to General Booth on reasonable terms. It may be doubted whether Melville Island, though an ideal

rider who would hold his horse very straight behind the rushing long-horns.

There would at least be something appropriate in the Melville Island buffaloes being handed over to the care of the Salvation Army, for the presence of the buffalo in Australia is due to missionary effort. They are the descendants of a small herd brought to Port Essington by some Roman Catholic priest, who established a mission in Northern Australia in the early part of the last century.

TWO ROYAL ANNIVERSARIES.

There was double cause for rejoicing in the Royal Family yesterday, the occasion being the eleventh anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the thirty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Princess Victoria.

Both events were celebrated at Windsor by the ringing of the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Parish Church, and two royal salutes were fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Great Park.

The King sent a special messenger from Buckingham Palace with a present to his daughter.

TO END THE RATE WAR.

Herr Ballin landed at Dover yesterday from the Hamburg-American passenger liner Graf Waldersee.

He proceeded to London for the conference, with Lord Inverclyde, on the Atlantic passenger rate war, which has been arranged by Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Marvellous discovery by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, the celebrated Doctor-Scientist. Exhaustive Tests prove it the long-sought Remedy for Consumption and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

TRIAL TREATMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

Incredible as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a remedy for the deadly consumption has at last been discovered by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, the great Doctor-Scientist, who has made a life-study of this fatal disease.



Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, Discoverer of Tuberculozine, the Remedy for Consumption.

After twenty years of almost ceaseless research in his laboratory, he has discovered the specific in which the consumption germs cannot live, and which can, withal, be taken without injury to the most delicate constitution. It is a home treatment that will not interfere in any way with your daily employment.

Dr. Yonkerman believes that each and every sufferer is entitled to such a production of science, and he is sending treatments to rich and poor all over the world, bringing joy in the knowledge of relief from this awful, deadly disease. Proof of tests already made and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—together with a trial treatment are sent free to all who write to the Derk P. Yonkerman Co., Ltd., Suite 104, 6, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.

Write to-day. Send no money, simply your name and address. Do not hesitate. If you suffer from consumption or any throat or lung trouble, send for the free treatment at once.

A Wonderful Remedy

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

For Liver Complaints.

21/ Panama £17/6

GENUINE not a common imitation. Easily cleaned and got up like new year after year. Money back if not approved. A few extra quid at 25s. 50, and 35s. State size and ask for our Illustrated List.

Note Address W.O. Riley, 283, Lavender-hill, Clapham Jn.

Page Woodcock's Pills

Have for 50 years been the safe, sure and speedy remedy for all Stomach and Liver Troubles. Of all Chemists, 1/15 & 2/0.

"MIRROR'S" MOTOR CAR TRIALS.

Snowdon Climber Will Join the Competitors.

NINETEEN CARS ENTERED.

Mr. Harvey du Cros, jun., has intimated his intention of joining in the *Mirror* non-stop trials of motor-cars, this making the nineteenth entry.

Mr. du Cros enters one of the Ariel cars on which he made the ascent of Snowdon. He writes:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

As manufacturers of the British-built Ariel car we welcome your idea of a long-distance competition, and shall have much pleasure in entering one of our cars.

We are sure that your proposal will benefit English manufacturers by making it possible to again demonstrate to the public that for reliability, etc., British-built cars remain unbeaten.

For the *Ariel* Motor Co., Limited,
H. D. Cros, JUN., Managing Director.
132, Long-acre, W.C., July 5.

The Conditions of the Trial.

The *Mirror* is still awaiting the reply of the Automobile Club as to what conditions must be imposed to obtain the club's sanction. Until the reply of the club has been received the conditions proposed by the *Mirror* cannot be published, but it may be stated that they have been submitted to four experts, who, in attaching their signatures to these conditions as approved by them, have expressed the hope that the club will give the necessary permit for the trial.

These experts are:—Firstly, Mr. S. F. Edge, the well-known racer; and, secondly, Mr. Jarrold, also of racing fame. These two gentlemen undoubtedly are in a position to know if a trial is desirable, and whether its conditions are suitable to the more expensive types of cars.

The third and fourth supporters of the *Mirror's* proposals and conditions are fully qualified to speak for the less expensive type of cars, namely, Mr. J. W. Stocks—who drove on a De Dion car from Land's End to John o' Groat's, 888 miles, in 2 days 14 hours 25 minutes—and Mr. Letts, who recently ascended Snowdon in his Oldsmobile car.

In view of the formal approval of the *Mirror's* conditions by these gentlemen it is scarcely probable that the sanction of the club will be withheld from the trial.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES FOR M.P.S.

Boom in Small Week-End Houses for Jaded Legislators.

Ever since the King started the fashion of leaving London from Friday to Monday the "week-end" boom has been growing. "Now," said a well-known West End house-agent yesterday, "it has taken a fresh form.

"The fashion is to buy a small house and garden near London, keep a man in it during the week, and go down on Friday. We are simply inundated with requests for such houses, and the supply is quite unequal to the demand.

"These people already have a country seat, perhaps 300 miles away, so what they want is a small house—almost a cottage—within easy reach, costing from £500 to £1,000.

"Business people, members of the Stock Exchange, and great M.P.s have taken up the idea freely. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Balfour, for instance.

"You can get a very nice little house for £700," he went on. "Here is one in Middlesex. A detached, double-fronted cottage—evidence, half an acre of grounds; four bedrooms, box or small bedroom, bathroom, two sitting-rooms, small conservatory, stable, coachhouse, large loft, flower and kitchen gardens. About fifteen miles out of London.

"With the help of the motor you can get further away and fare better. Here is one with more rooms than the last for £500.

"The pet spot is West Herts. The train service is so good. The Surrey Hills and Woking are very popular, too.

"There is also a demand for cottages pure and simple. A labourer's cottage costs less than £500. We often have inquiries for them, but they are very difficult to get, and not really suitable for the class that asks for them.

"The position is always so bad. But they can be got, of course."

BRITISH WORKING MEN IN PARIS.

PARIS, Wednesday.

The delegates of the British working men's clubs spent this morning in visiting places of interest on the left bank of the Seine.

At midday they were entertained at a luncheon, presided over by M. Charles Gide, Professor of Political Economy. The visit ends officially this evening with a banquet in the Bois de Boulogne.

The delegates will leave Paris on Thursday.—Reuter.

THE CITY.

Cape Loan Fiasco—American Firmness—War Bonds Rally.

On the Stock Exchange yesterday it was not so easy to find familiar faces, and perhaps the quest would have been better rewarded had searchers gone to Holey. Certainly those who stayed behind found very little business to occupy their time, and all that could be said was that the markets were staid. Consols, for instance, were only slightly dull, and that quite as much due to the steadily decreasing appearance of the market as to anything else. In other sections there was not much to complain about, save this absence of business.

The Cape loan, save the fiasco expected, and underwriters are heavily saddled. In fact, in Home Rails there were one or two rather good features. South-Eastern and Chatham stocks were notably firm, on satisfactory mail contracts being concluded. Perhaps the Scottish stocks were weak, but elsewhere there was certainly nothing to complain about. Indeed, the first week's traffic for the new half-year made a more encouraging showing than had been anticipated.

The feature of the day, however, was the marked firmness of Americans. The finance houses are doing their best to keep stocks rising, and, as the market has little or no supply, manipulation is very easy. Pile on the talk about good crop reports, the certainty of President Roosevelt's re-election, and a few other points, and naturally things are kept on the move. Atchisons, Unions, and Southern Pacific are conspicuous.

It is not surprising, too, to find a good result in the Canadian Railway securities of the better crop prospects. Canadian Rails, in fact, is stronger than they have done for a long time past. But Argentine and Mexican Rails were rather adversely affected by the traffic increases not being up to expectation. This was the result of a day's holiday last week, which fact the market did not allow for.

In the foreign section the war bonds rallied somewhat, but, as a whole, securities were somewhat dull. The exception was the strength of copper shares, under the lead of Rio Tinto, and this was largely due to the strength of the American market. The terms of the new Rio de Janeiro loan were being discussed.

Docks were weaker, for the market is raising fears as to the fate of the Bill. On Tuesday they were raising expectations about it. A quick change of sentiment seems to be the rule nowadays. Speculative brewery descriptions rallied, as a result of the clearing of the way for the Licensing Bill. Nelsons and other meat shares looked a little better.

Kaffirs opened firm, for there is another shipment of 2,000 Chinese for the Rand this week. Then some profit-taking upset the singularly listless market, but there was a rally at the finish. In the West African section the Wassan crushing was liked. This was a natural, seeing that the mill had been closed down for a week. Westerns started well, helped by the Associated report, but they were rather knocked out when it became known that the Oroya-Brownhill manager had returned home rather unexpectedly.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Utilities most of our contributors take care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:			
Consols 2½ pc.	90	80½	113
Do Account	90½	90½	124
India 3 pc.	95½	95½	124
London C.C. 3½	95½	95½	124
Nat. War Loan	97½	97½	91½
Transvaal Loan	97½	97½	84
Argentine 1886	101	101½	299
Do Fundg.	102	102½	103
Brazilian 4 pc 1890	77	77	82
Do W. of Minas	89½	89½	392
"Chili 1886	84	86	78
Chinese 5 pc 1890	100½	100½	100
Egyptian Unified 104½	105	105	105
"Italian	101½	102½	101
Japan 5 pc 1890	85	87	94
Do 4 pc	74	74½	100
Per. Debs.	93	93	401
Do Pref.	293	293	117
"Portuguese	61½	62½	180
"Russian 4 pc 1890	92½	92½	72
"Spanish 4 pc (old)	86	86	287
Turkish 4 pc Un'd.	85	85	106
Uruguay 3½ pc	67½	67½	148
Brighton Def.	121½	122	81
Caledonian Def.	29	29	29
Central London	91½	92	22
Chatham Ord.	168	168	22
Do Pref.	100	100	14
Do 2nd Pref.	60	60	14
Great Eastern	91½	91½	14
Gl. Northern 1pc	41	41	6
Great Western	142½	143	6
Metropolitan	90	90	14
District	38	39	78
Midland Pref.	68½	69	4
Do Def.	67	68	107
North British Def.	44	44	54
North Eastern	141½	141½	25
North Western	131	132	25
South East'n Def.	61½	62	116
South West. Def.	56	56½	25/9
Do Ord.	168	169	25/9
Atchison	76½	77	78
Baltimore	84	84	23
Chesapeake	33	33	18
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl.	149	149	18
Dever	23	23	18
Erie Shares	25	25	18
Do Pref.	61½	61½	18
Illinois Cent.	130	131	18
L'ville and N'ville	115	116	18
Missouri	17	17	11
Ontario	28	28	11
Norfolk Com.	59	59	11
Pennsylvania	60	60	11
Reading	24	24	11
Southern Ord.	23	23	11
Southern Pacific	49	49	11
Union Pacific	94	94	11
U.S. Steel Ord.	103	11	11
Do Pref.	58	58	11
Wabash Pref.	352	361	11
B.A. Gl. South's	123½	123½	11

* Ex div. † Ex rights.

ANOTHER ALPINE DEATH.

ZURICH, Tuesday.

Herr Waeli, a Swiss tourist, fell over a precipice 660ft. high on the Sentis and was killed.—Reuter.

The 44,341 automatic gas meters in Manchester collected 113 tons of pennies, equal to £52,781, last year.

EFFEL TOWER

The finest Messina Lemons are used in the manufacture of Eiffel Tower Lemonade. You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive. Made from fruit and sugar only.

A 4id. BOTTLE MAKES 2 GALLONS OF HOME MADE

LEMONADE

A Nutritive Substance is not always a Digestible one.

Sample Free on application.

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food, Ltd.,
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AMATEURS' FINE WIN.

A Fine Game—Extra Time Played—Gentlemen Beat Players by Two Wickets.

A DRAMATIC FINISH.

A magnificent match, full of great performances, a splendid finish, and a glorious victory for the Amateurs. That was the end of the annual trial of strength between the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's—won by the Gentlemen by two wickets.

During two days the amateurs had apparently been overplayed. They had got rid of the Players fairly easily for 327, only Hawke, King, and Rhodes making much of a show. On top of that they had failed almost completely with the bat themselves, and but for a plucky stand by Hesketh-Prichard at the close would have been got rid of very cheaply indeed.

Then came King's second 100 in the match, which lifted him to a very high pinnacle in cricket fame. Only R. E. Foster had accomplished such a performance before, and King was only an eleventh-hour choice, as Tyldesley could not play owing to an injury. King's record will be quoted for many years.

The last and most absorbing phase of this contest of the giants of the game began when the Gentlemen went in to get 412 runs to win, with five and a half hours remaining for play. Roughly, it meant getting the runs at the rate of 80 an hour, but going by the first innings, in which the batting was very weak and the bowling excellent, there seemed a greater likelihood of the Players getting them out and winning. Fry and Foster made a capital start by bright batting; but at 88 and 100 first Fry, and then Foster, were out, and Spooner fell to a brilliant catch by Braund at 108.

Players Forging Ahead.

Everything now seemed to be going in favour of the Players, who bowled and fielded brilliantly, but Ranjitsinhji and Jackson, who were missed by Braund off his first scoring stroke, were now together. Gradually the score mounted, slowly at first, then quicker; then, as bowlers were changed, it ebbed and flowed, but always getting a trifle behind the clock.

At half-past four a halt was called for a tea interval, and it was then agreed to play the game out. Afterwards the Players took a strong lead, Jackson being caught at the wicket at 302, for a well-played 80, part of a partnership of 194. Ranjitsinhji, after batting delightfully and in his own inimitable style for a century, the third of the match, was also caught at the wicket at 315. Jossop failed again.

In the closing stages Jones, the Notts captain, played a great game for the Amateurs. Without his 56 the Players would have won. Every ball was watched towards the close with breathless interest. Payne was run out when 12 runs were still wanted, and with McDonnell suffering from an injured hand, Hesketh-Prichard went in again. He kept his end up, and, in spite of the fieldsmen clustering round him like wasps in a honey pot, the runs were made without McDonnell being called upon, Jones bringing the match to a close by a couple of brilliant boundaries.

Naturally the crowd was great scene at the close. The crowd of about 12,000 enthusiasts made a mad rush across the turf to the pavilion rails. Hats were waved and cheer after cheer rent the air. It was a great finish to a great game, and a plucky performance had pulled off a forlorn hope.

THE PLAY DESCRIBED.

The Players quickly finished their second innings in the morning for an addition of 8 runs to their overnight score, King taking out his bat for 160. His remarkable display included one 5 (4 for an overthrow) and fourteen 4's.

The Gentlemen went in wanting 412 to win. Fry and Foster opened the innings. The two batsmen gave their side a fine start, sending up 50 in just over half an hour, and scoring, in all, 85 runs together. Fry being at last caught and bowled.

Foster, who played a beautiful innings, was caught at the wicket at 100, and at 108 Spooner was very finely caught and bowled high up with the right hand by Braund. At this point Ranjitsinhji was joined by Jackson, and the latter, before he had scored a run, might have been caught low down by Braund at slip. Ranjitsinhji and Jackson made a tremendous effort for their side, and on 108 Jones stayed together with the Gentlemen had all the best of the argument.

Ranjitsinhji's batting was almost beyond reproach, but Jackson took some time to settle down, and when he had made 53 King missed him palpably in the slips off Hesketh-Prichard's bowling. By arrangement a tea interval was taken at half-past four, the total then being 263 for three wickets. Ranjitsinhji was not out 97 and Jackson 60. Three hours after the start of the match, still together, but at 302 Jackson, in driving rather wildly at an off ball, was caught by the wicket-keeper. He was at the wicket for 152 in his half, and scored 80 out of the 194 put on in that time.

Ranjitsinhji left at 315, and Jossop at 320. Ranjitsinhji's magnificent innings lasted just under three hours and included fourteen 4's. With Jones and Bosanquet together, 92 runs were wanted, with four wickets to fall, nearly an hour and twenty minutes remaining for play.

The score was carried to 375, or 37 to win, and then a catch by the wicket-keeper ended off Bosanquet. The game looked all over when the total reached 400, but further loss, but then Payne's wicket was thrown down, and Prichard came in with 18 runs still required.

Jones hit Arnold twice to the boundary, and finished the match in dazzling fashion. Jones gave one possible chance in the slips, but he played a master's game. Full score and analysis—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hayward, c Payne b Bosanquet	88	c Payne b Prichard	14
Ironmonger, run out	10	c Lilley b Prichard	24
Denton, c Foster b Prichard	4	b Prichard	0
Knight, c Foster b Prichard	7	retired hurt	0
Prichard	0	c Bosanquet b Jackson	2
Braund, c Foster b Prichard	0	c Bosanquet b Prichard	14
King, c McDonnell b Prichard	104	not out	109
Rhodes, c McDonnell b Prichard	104	b Jackson	31
King, c McDonnell b Prichard	104	b Jones	3
Hesketh-Prichard, not out	0	c Jackson b Prichard	2
Hearne, not out	0	Extras	2
Extras	24	Extras	2
Total	327	Total	255

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
R. H. Spooner, not out	23	c b Brand	0
H. K. Foster, b Arnold	0	c Lilley b Hearne	52
B. F. Fry, b Brand	52	c b Hearne	0
R. C. B. Brand	0	c Lilley b Arnold	121
Hon. A. C. B. Brand	0	c Lilley b Arnold	80
A. G. Jones, c Lilley b Brand	58	c Lilley b Arnold	56
B. Brand	4	not out	56
G. Jossop, c Lilley b Brand	12	c Denton b Hearne	2
B. J. T. Bosanquet, c Lilley b Brand	9	c Lilley b Arnold	22
M. W. Payne, c Lilley b Arnold	1	run out	10
H. Hesketh-Prichard, not out	1	run out	10
H. Hesketh-Prichard, not out	1	run out	10
Extras	16	Extras	16
Total	171	Total (8 wickets)	412

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
McDonnell	0 m. 7 w.	Jackson	0 m. 7 w.
Prichard	39 12 0 5	Jossop	10 0 34 2
Bosanquet	1 1 78 5	Bosanquet	1 1 78 5
McDonnell bowled two wickets and Jackson one wide.			
Second Innings.		First Innings.	
Prichard	24 4 80 5	Jossop	5 0 31 0
Jackson	24 5 67 2	Jones	2 0 8 1
Bosanquet	10 0 45 1	Jossop bowled a no-ball.	
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hearne	24 6 65 3	Rhodes	20 5 6 0
Arnold	30 4 105 1	Gunn	12 3 32 0
Braund	30 4 105 1	Gunn	12 3 32 0
Hearne	37 10 97 3	Arnold bowled a wide and two no-balls.	

YORKSHIRE'S BRILLIANT VICTORY.

The Derbyshire team at Sheffield yesterday had a very painful experience of the consequences attendant upon a dropped catch. Going in at a quarter past one to make 194 to win, Yorkshire had started in the fashion that in less than half an hour they lost three wickets for 3 runs. Lord Hawke and Wainwright were both run out in Warren's first over, and before he had scored he was missed at second slip by Curgenven. The chance was not taken, but should have been accepted. Had this come off there would have been four men out for 2 runs, and the probability is that another wicket would have been lost. As it happened, however, Hirst stayed in until the score was up to 181, his being the fifth wicket to fall.

By the time the game was won, and it was due entirely to Hirst's fine cricket that Yorkshire were successful, shortly before five o'clock, by four wickets and analysis—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
L. G. Wright, b Hirst	65	b Hirst	16
C. A. Oliver, c Curgenven	29	c Wainwright b Myers	32
Cliffe b Oyston	29	c Wainwright b Myers	32
Myers, c Curgenven	10	c Myers	3
E. M. Ashcroft, c Hawke	10	c Myers	3
M. Hirst, c Curgenven	10	c Myers	3
Morton, b Haigh	55	c Myers	3
Curgenven, c Haigh	72	c Hunter	29
Warren, c Wilkinson	29	c Tancidillo b Myers	14
Oyston	10	b Haigh	14
Humphries, not out	11	Hirst	3
Bestwick, c b Haigh	15	not out	3
Extras	19	Extras	7
Total	375	Total	134

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lord Hawke, b Warren	19	run out	1
H. Wilkinson, c Ollivierre	42	c Wright b Bestwick	3
Godman	42	not out	4
Myers and Cadman	41	c Curgenven b Warren	0
Tancidillo, c Ollivierre	18	run out	97
Hirst, c Ollivierre	18	run out	97
Haigh, c Needham	0	not out	7
Bestwick	104	c b Ashcroft	79
F. Mitchell, Warren	29	run out	0
Wainwright, c Storer	29	run out	0
Curgenven, c Storer	29	run out	0
Whitehead, c Morton	29	run out	0
Oyston	29	run out	0
Warren	10	run out	0
Hunter	11	Extras	11
Extras	11	Extras	11
Total	319	Total (6 wickets)	134

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lord Hawke, b Warren	19	run out	1
H. Wilkinson, c Ollivierre	42	c Wright b Bestwick	3
Godman	42	not out	4
Myers and Cadman	41	c Curgenven b Warren	0
Tancidillo, c Ollivierre	18	run out	97
Hirst, c Ollivierre	18	run out	97
Haigh, c Needham	0	not out	7
Bestwick	104	c b Ashcroft	79
F. Mitchell, Warren	29	run out	0
Wainwright, c Storer	29	run out	0
Curgenven, c Storer	29	run out	0
Whitehead, c Morton	29	run out	0
Oyston	29	run out	0
Warren	10	run out	0
Hunter	11	Extras	11
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Total	319	Total (6 wickets)	134

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Haigh, c Needham	0	not out	7
Bestwick	104	c b Ashcroft	79
F. Mitchell, Warren	29	run out	0
Wainwright, c Storer	29	run out	0
Curgenven, c Storer	29	run out	0
Whitehead, c Morton	29	run out	0
Oyston	29	run out	0
Warren	10	run out	0
Hunter	11	Extras	11
Extras	11	Extras	11
Total	319	Total (6 wickets)	134

Warren bowled two wickets and Bestwick one wide.

SMART WIN FOR CAMBRIDGE.

At Liverpool yesterday Cambridge gained a splendid victory over the Liverpool and District team by six wickets. Full score—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C. M. Warlow, c Hol-	54	c Harris b Keigwin	3
Almouch, c Napier b Hol-	39	c Anson b Holland	12
E. Steel, c Napier b Hol-	50	c Wilson b Napier	17
Anderson	39	c Napier b Holland	0
H. Hancock, c Napier b	14	c Anson b Napier	27
Mann	17	st Wilson b Holland	42
Keigwin	42	c Wilson b Holland	12
W. Barnes, c Mann	14	c Holland b Keigwin	0
C. Bosman, c Harris	20	not out	30
Mann	17	not out	30
Napier	42	not out	30
Stott, c Holland b	13	not out	30
Brown, c Holland b	13	not out	30
Napier	13	not out	30
Rock, c Wilson b	13	not out	30
Napier	13	not out	30
F. Rimmer, not out	13	not out	30
Extras	19	Extras	7
Total	282	Total	170

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. F. Marsh, b Steel	10	c Steel b Barnes	45
C. Steel, c Keigwin, b	10	c Brock b Barnes	58
S. W. Mann, c Warlow	27	run out	17
C. Steel	27	run out	17
S. H. Phillips, c Steel	26	not out	22
Brown	26	not out	22
F. W. H. Weaver, c and	23	c Ainscough b Brown	59
F. J. P. Hopley, c Stott	25	run out	17
L. Steele	25	run out	17
H. C. Mitchell	4	run out	17
A. G. S. Holland, not	4	run out	17
G. G. Napier, b Brown	4	run out	17
F. Steele, c Stott	5	run out	17
Extras	5	Extras	14
Total	147	Total	306

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

Overall—Gentlemen v. Players.
Leicester—Leicestershire v. Derbyshire.
Harrowgate—Yorkshire v. Kent.
Brighton—Sussex v. Essex.
Worcestershire—Worcestershire v. Oxford University.
Birmingham—Warwickshire v. Cambridge University.
Alton—Hampshire v. South Africans.

CENTURIES OF THE DAY.

The feature of the day's play at Lord's yesterday was Ranjitsinhji's brilliant century. King added 4 runs to his 121. K. S. Ranjitsinhji (Gent.) 150mins. 14 4's 10's. King (Players) 150mins. 14 4's 10's. * Signifies not out.

LAWN TENNIS.

Cambridge Defeat Oxford in the Doubles.

This annual contest was concluded at Queen's Club yesterday, the Light Blues following up their success in the singles by winning the doubles by 5 matches to 4, 12 sets to 9, and 97 games to 83.
The following were the results of 10 matches to 8, 22 sets to 18, and 192 games to 178. Wilding and Palmer won all their three matches for Cambridge. Crawley, of Oxford, was severely at his best in the first round, but subsequently he and Irvine did well, losing only four games in the second and third rounds.

LIVERPOOL CUP ACCEPTANCES.

The 7th LIVERPOOL CUP of 1200 roses, 30 wags in plate and the rest in specie. Cup Course, one mile and three furlongs. Thirty-four entries. Closed June 7th, 1904.

First Round.		Second Round.	
Bachelor's	5 to 1	Likely Bird	7 2
Barton	5 to 1	Prinos Royal	4 7 5
Scullion	5 to 1	Kato	4 7 5
Whistling	4 to 1	Foundling	5 7 5
Cheers	5 to 1	Beltenebros	6 7 2
Courian	5 to 1	War Wolf	5 6 13

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The British Rugby Football team yesterday defeated a fifteen representing the Northern Districts of Australia by 17 points to 3—Reuter.

The well-known jockey Herbert Edward Randall is to be married on Monday next at Earl's Barton, Northampton, to Miss F. Hornby, the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Hornby, and niece of Sir William Hornby and Sir William Ingram.

The junior members of some well-known cricketing families were engaged in the Mervyn R. Keppin public school match on Tuesday. G. N. Foster, A. P. Day, E. L. Mellin, and J. N. Crawford all took part, the first-named making 78.

In the Eton and Harrow match, which begins at Lord's to-morrow, the Harrow team will be as follows:—R. E. H. Baily (captain), W. S. Bolton, F. Foster, E. R. Gale, R. V. Morris, D. R. Brand, J. Rennett, M. C. Bird, R. G. Eiolart, W. Humphreys, and M. A. C. Halliday. Reserves: T. Keunert and H. J. Shaw.

The committee of the M.C.C. have instructed their secretary, Mr. E. E. Lacey, to write to the various cricketing associations of Australia inviting them to send a team to this country next season, and enclosing the resolution of the advisory committee, passed on July 28, as to the number and duration of the Test matches, of which they approve.

MISINTERPRETED WARNING.

As Mr. Allen Percy Cunliffe, of Arlington Gardens, St. N. V., was driving his motor-car down Kingston Hill a fellow-motorist shouted to him, "Look out!" Mr. Cunliffe thought he was being warned against a dog which was crossing the road, but a minute later found that it had been intended to draw his attention to a police "trap."

His failure to interpret the warning rightly led to Mr. Cunliffe being fined 25 and costs at Kingston yesterday for driving at a dangerous speed.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

Scholes Beats Kelly, the Holder, in the Diamonds—a Great Race.

KELLY ROWED OUT.

Some brilliant racing was seen at Henley during the second day of the regatta. Appended will be found a full description of the various heats—

DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.

Seventh Heat—A. Hamilton Cloutie (L.R.C.), 12st. 12lb. 1; Guy Rixon (Kingston R.C.), 11st 8lb. 2; Starting at 3.30, Rixon led Cloutie, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Cloutie, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Cloutie gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Cloutie won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

Eighth Heat—L. Scholes (Toronto R.C.), 12st 3lb. 1; F. S. Kelly (Balliol College, Oxford) (Holder), 11st 6lb. 2; Starting at 3.45, Scholes led Kelly, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Scholes, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Scholes gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Scholes won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

Ninth Heat—L. Scholes (Toronto R.C.), 12st 3lb. 1; F. S. Kelly (Balliol College, Oxford) (Holder), 11st 6lb. 2; Starting at 3.55, Scholes led Kelly, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Scholes, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Scholes gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Scholes won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

THAMES CHALLENGE CUP.

Fifth Heat—St. John's, Oxford, Berks, 1; First Trinity, Cambridge, Bucks, 2; Starting at 4.15, St. John's led Trinity, who was a quarter of a mile. Then St. John's, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. St. John's gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, St. John's won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

Sixth Heat—Caius College, Cambridge, Bucks, 1; Thames R.C., Berks, 2; Starting at 4.30, Caius led Thames, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Caius, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Caius gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Caius won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

STEWARDS' CUP.

First Heat—Third Trinity, Cambridge, Bucks, 1; London R.C., Berks, 2; Starting at 4.45, Third Trinity led London, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Third Trinity, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Third Trinity gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Third Trinity won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

Second Heat—New College, Oxford, r.o.; Thames Rowing Club, scratched. Starting at 5.00, Thames led New College, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Thames, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Thames gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Thames won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.

Second Heat—First Trinity, Cambridge, Berks, 1; Radley College, Bucks, 2; Starting at 5.15, First Trinity led Radley, who was a quarter of a mile. Then First Trinity, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. First Trinity gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, First Trinity won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 25sec.

Third Heat—Eton College, Berks, 1; St. John's College, Oxford, Bucks, 2; Starting at 5.30, Eton led St. John's, who was a quarter of a mile. Then Eton, being well sheltered, began to draw up, and before long he was in front. Eton gained very rapidly, and at Fawley was two lengths in front. Going on, Eton won easily by half a dozen lengths. Time, 9min.

